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THE NATION

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LETTERS

Mistakes no policy

Williamstown, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Amid some words of wisdom, John McDermott's premise in "Vietnam Is No Mistake" [*The Nation*, Feb. 13] is, I believe, mistaken. He contends that U.S. victory in the Cuban missile crisis was a "disaster" because it demonstrated that there was "only one international superpower," that "there is no balance of power in the world," and that "America has no power rival in any part of the world." This is quite wrong. Kennedy and Khrushchev faced a reality of a wholly different order. Moscow agreed to withdraw the missiles. Washington agreed not to invade Cuba and to withdraw Jupiter missiles from Turkey. There was no "victory," but a compromise between equals, followed in 1963 by the beginnings of a hopeful American-Soviet *détente*—prior to death in Dallas.

McDermott's error is compounded by his interpretation of the motives of LBJ & Co., to whom he attributes *Realpolitik* astuteness in waging war in Vietnam in order to split China and Russia, discredit both and "roll back" Communist power. . . .

This policy is not clever but idiotic. Is Washington "happy with the progress of the Vietnamese War"? When the greatest military power on earth, after years of effort and vast squandering of life and treasure, proves wholly incapable of crushing rebellion in a small, poor country of peasant patriots, what "happiness" accrues to the perpetrators of the crime? . . .

The tragedy is not a product of conspiracy but of stupidity—against which, as Schiller once wrote, "even the gods are helpless." In *The Bitter Heritage*, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., poses the issue more accurately: "Vietnam is a triumph of the politics of inadvertence. We have achieved our present entanglement, not after due and deliberate consideration, but through a series of small decisions. . . ."

The McDermott approach will get us nowhere. . . . Americans, if they wish to survive, must somehow convince their leaders that they have made a ghastly blunder which must be rectified. Obfuscation is not helpful in the enterprise.

Frederick L. Schuman

desperate rally

Rochester, Mich.

DEAR SIR: With reference to the letter from W. H. Spooner [*The Nation*, Feb. 20] advising us "to rally around the President and bury our differences lest we have a Reagan on the national scene," may I suggest that relative madness does not become wisdom simply because it can be contrasted with absolute imbecility? Does Mr. Spooner forget that we have already rallied around Johnson to save ourselves from Goldwater?

Harold Fromm

simply murder

New York City

DEAR SIR: Even if we accept the contention of the Air Force that military installations and military oriented buildings are its only targets in North Vietnam, the fact is that during these raids numbers of civilians are killed, houses destroyed, that despite the "accuracy" of the bombings, many of the bombs are far off target. Now the Air Force knows the logistics of its own maneuvers, knows what percentage of bombs will hit on target, and knows that if these targets are located in populated areas then almost certainly many civilians will be killed. Thus we come to the conclusion that in these raids the Air Force

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EDITORIALS

Should There Be a Draft?

Almost since the cold war was launched with the proclamation of the Truman Doctrine in 1947, it has been impossible to debate the *ends* of foreign policy. The necessity to stop communism, anywhere and everywhere, answered all questions in advance. We are, however, still privileged to debate *means*, and the coming controversy over the draft will not only be important in itself but will permit a discussion of the purpose of conscription, and hence of foreign policy in the large.

This twofold debate starts off auspiciously. Both Congress and the White House have released fairly meritorious studies of the manpower situation. There is much unrest and dissatisfaction which will now find expression. With a June 30 target date, only a limited amount of the customary obfuscation and confusion can be tolerated. The debate promises to be clarifying.

The issue in the forefront at this early stage is fairness. Almost everyone wants the draft to be as fair as possible; at least that is the only position that can be taken publicly. Actually, a great many people benefit by the unfairness of the present system. The surest way for a young man, sound in mind and limb, to avoid going to war is to stay in school. Automatically, then, the poor, and especially Negroes, who cannot aspire to higher education, do a disproportionate part of the fighting and dying. Few of the privileged, though aware of the fact, will argue that this is the way it should be. They will have to find other grounds for defending the *status quo*.

Fairness, however, is not the *primary* issue. If the draft were not needed at all, there would be no question of fairness or unfairness. The crucial issue is whether we need a mass army: if we don't, we don't need the draft. Obviously we do need a mass army—and a mass navy, and a mass air force—if we are to intervene wherever class warfare breaks out, or communism threatens to take over a country (whether by force or free elections does not really matter).

In fact, by all indications our armed forces are not nearly large enough if we are to continue on this course. In Southeast Asia we have some 500,000 men under arms in three small countries—South Vietnam, Thailand and Laos—with a fourth, North Vietnam, under aerial and artillery bombardment. We have about another 75,000 men offshore in the Seventh Fleet. Since we have had to make this large investment of personnel in a fairly small place, we obviously must have a big army and we must draft young men to fill up the ranks—if our foreign policy is to remain unchanged.

On this assumption, the draft will become a hot political issue. Everything indicates that the middle class will shortly be relieved of its partial exemption. With the prospect of sons being sent to the jungles of Vietnam,

many fathers and mothers for whom the war has been a matter of remote concern will now take a personal interest. Many of the prospective draftees who have been shielded by their status as present or future students will have to choose between going to war in a cause in which they do not believe and resisting the draft in one way or another. But, overall, it should be noted that the lottery gimmick—actually a reversion to the method of World War I—together with the priority to be given to 19 year olds, enlarges the pool of eligibles. It lays the ground for an expanded military force—one large enough to fight another world war on the order of the previous ones. We might need 10 million men under arms to thwart the Communists wherever their way of life impinges on the capitalist way.

Thus the debate on the draft may lead to a reconsideration of what Walter Lippmann calls the sovereign issue of our time—whether the interest and duty of the United States is to involve itself in the Vietnams of the future. If present foreign policy is projected into the future, these young men will be needed.

Mr. Johnson's Two-Step

Striving to maintain a balance of sorts between the hawks and the doves, the President takes a step toward one, then a step toward the other. The steps, however, are not of equal length: each move brings him nearer the position of the hawks who, by their nature, are never satisfied and always press for an even less restrained reliance on force. There is no possible equilibrium for Mr. Johnson in this process. Whether he senses it or not, he is walking into grave political danger, and dragging the Democratic Party with him.

What the President must reckon with is the growing frustration in a country whose citizens have been fed for twenty years on cold-war doctrine, on an oversimplified definition of our place in the world, and on the notion that we can lick every other nation with one hand tied behind our back. How is the public to reconcile this world outlook with our inability to conquer a wretched little country of rice paddies cultivated with water buffaloes by illiterate peasants who live in thatched huts? The patience of these Americans, nurtured on advanced technology, space exploration and the mechanized household, is rapidly running out. Unless Mr. Johnson, who plunged them deep into this mess, can come up fairly soon with victory or an "honorable" peace (the two are not far apart), it is Mr. Johnson who will take the rap.

Nor do these dissatisfied citizens lack leadership and advice. They may not be inclined to listen to the moderate voice of Harold Brown, the Secretary of the Air Force, who says with exemplary good sense: "If we should come out as well in Vietnam as we did in the Korean War, I would consider it a great success." How much more exhilarating to pick up *U.S. News & World Report*

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and be told by Gen. John K. Waters, U.S. Army (Ret.), that "the U.S. can do anything in the world that she wants to do—so let's get on with this task and get it cleared up." Or Sen. Richard B. Russell: "I am convinced the use of superior force is the only means by which [Hanoi] can be forced to the conference table. We have the means, and we should not hesitate. . . ." Or Rep. Mendel Rivers: "Flatten Hanoi, if necessary [and] let world opinion fly a kite." Or Gen. Curtis LeMay: "Instead of negotiation, our objective must be to make the war so costly for the Communists that they will end it." Or Barry Goldwater, who calls for intensification of the war "to end it as quickly as possible."

These pressures, contained thus far, will mount and find an outlet, probably via George Wallace's third-party candidacy, catering to hate, fear and frustration, and as a side benefit promising to keep the Negro in his place. On the Republican side, the prospect is for the nomination of a right winger, perhaps Richard Nixon, who masquerades as a middle-of-the-road aspirant but will take on whatever coloration seems to promise the most votes. Nixon may not be hawkish enough to satisfy the voters unhinged by frustration, but the prospect of a Johnson-Nixon-Wallace contest must surely be enough to daunt the minority that still cling to the idea that foreign affairs can be managed with an admixture, at least, of good sense and good will.

When Mr. Johnson began to accelerate the Vietnamese War, he probably did not foresee these consequences. If he had foreseen them, it is difficult to imagine that he would have done what he did. Yet with every passing month his chances of extricating himself grow smaller and smaller. The best chance of ending this miserable war is through the action of forces outside of the White House of such magnitude that the President will have his hand forced, before it is forced by the chauvinists on his right.

A Coalition for Peace

But is it possible? In politics, one must always assess the alignments that are coming apart before one can guess what might become possible in the future. Recent developments support what Sen. George D. Aiken, one of our most level-headed legislators, recently said: ". . . at home the postwar bipartisan consensus, which since World War II enforced the conduct of foreign policy in its important dimensions, has been fragmented. . . . The conduct of foreign policy has become a major source of public unrest and frustration all across the land." Nothing could be more salutary than the breakup of a coalition that, without debate or adequate discussion, has blindly approved cold-war policies for twenty years, allowing successive administrations—Truman, Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson—to carry on policy almost independently of Congressional control. The change is important, but can anything positive come of it?

Senator Fulbright's hearings last year, carefully limited in scope and labeled "education," represent the first serious attempt on the part of the Senate to regain some of the power which it had relinquished. Since then, events have unfolded rapidly:

(1) Sen. Joseph S. Clark, in a move as unspectacular as it was astute, proposed a resolution which would limit the commitment of troops in South Vietnam to a number not greatly exceeding those already there, and would instruct the Administration to refrain from military activity over North Vietnam. If the President desired to exceed a troop strength of 500,000 he would have to ask Congress for a declaration of war. To head off Senator Clark's move, Majority Leader Mansfield had to offer a substitute resolution which obliquely indicated dissatisfaction with the war and expressed hopes for peace. However equivocally, some members were trying to get the Senate to assert its independence.

(2) Sen. Robert Kennedy made his speech, and it was steam-rolled by the Administration before the words were out of his mouth. But what Kennedy said was more notable for its background than its content. He had crossed the Rubicon and taken public issue with the President, while carefully avoiding any hint of personal animosity—of which there is a certain amount, especially on the President's part. There will be a further hardening of attitudes. Kennedy cannot retreat; rather, he must look for future chances to press forward.

(3) Then came Senator Aiken's notable speech. The question he has raised is whether a new bipartisan determination to end the war in Vietnam and establish a sensible foreign policy can take the place of the disintegrating coalition. Mr. Johnson has been relying for support principally on a line-up of conservative Republicans and conservative Democrats—a strange alliance for one who insists that he thinks of himself as the heir of Franklin D. Roosevelt. At the same time, the sharpest divisions are emerging in the President's own party. The conservative Democrats are at least as far from the left-of-Center Democrats as the latter are from the conservative Republicans. Javits and Kennedy are closer on Vietnam than, say, Richard Russell and Kennedy. A newcomer like Percy of Illinois, seeing the debate with a fresh viewpoint, in effect supported Kennedy. These tendencies are indicative of future agreements which the war is likely to bring about.

If the Republicans had the wit and courage to nominate a team in 1968 that would offer a tangible hope of peace, Democrats would desert Lyndon Johnson in droves. Even without such a development, with both parties divided, a coalition for peace is not a mere figment of the imagination. It must begin with like-minded individuals collaborating on key issues. They face a common peril and are offered a common opportunity. It is not impossible, then, that concerted action will develop to repudiate a policy that has reached a dead end.

The Brassy Trumpet

Maxwell D. Taylor is no ordinary retired general. He does not explode with screwball ideas like the Air Force general, now deceased, who pleaded at a service club luncheon to be allowed to bomb the atom bomb installations of the Soviet Union. Taylor is a gentleman, a diplomat and strategist, and an author. His book, *The Uncertain Trumpet*, had considerable influence in hardening U.S. foreign policy. Consequently his short work, *Responsibility and Response* (\$3.50 for 84 pages) cannot be dismissed as mere bombast. It must be taken seriously as a possible forecast of America's role in the world; so construed, it will arouse forebodings in all but the most maniacal hawks among us.

In Taylor's world outlook the non-American nations are divided into three categories: revolutionaries or, more generally, "troublemakers," to be forcibly held in check by American military power; "victims" of the troublemakers to be defended militarily and economically; and would-be "bystanders" who are obligated to help us suppress the troublemakers. While the arch-troublemakers are of course Communists, other types are included. Taylor's book was derived from lectures he delivered some time ago and Sukarno of Indonesia is included among the troublemakers; so is Nasser of Egypt, who deals with the USSR when it suits his purposes but permits no Communist movement in his realm.

Taylor believes, quite simply, in the American mission to police the world during the calculable future. Where Metternich aspired only to curb revolution in Europe, Taylor sees the world as our counterrevolutionary responsibility. We have the weapons, but do we have the will? The possible weakness of the latter is his principal worry. As an afterthought, he concedes that there may be practical limits to our power. One would think that his own failure in Vietnam, and the present stalemate there, would enjoin more prudence on his strategic theorizing, but the effect is slight.

That Taylor's view remains a powerful influence in Washington is shown by President Johnson's directive of less than a year ago, creating the little-known Senior Interdepartmental Group (SIG) at a time when the National Security Council was falling into desuetude. SIG's chairman is the Under Secretary of State; the other members are the Deputy Secretary of Defense, the Administrator of the Agency for International Development, the Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Director of the U.S. Information Agency and a White House liaison man. SIG, in Taylor's words, is to have jurisdiction over "all those activities abroad which involve more than one department or agency, or which are of such nature as to affect significantly the overall United States program in a country or of a region."

The power of SIG and the influence of General Taylor, its architect, may dismay some Americans, but in

many quarters it is a welcome proclamation of American strength. Roger Lewis, president and chairman of General Dynamics, one of the biggest government contractors, is one of those who approve. General Dynamics has had its ups and downs, the principal financial tribulation being the loss of \$470 million in the production of the Convair 880 and 990 jet airliners in the early sixties. Since then, General Dynamics has stuck to war goods. In *Forbes* (December 1, 1966), Lewis expresses views complementing those of Taylor. There used to be an enemy to focus on, he points out—the Germans in World War II, for instance. "Today," he continues, "there is no such focus. The tensions of the world are continually changing, and in the midst of all these changes, this country is forever getting richer and, in relative terms, smaller. The real enemy, then, is not going to be some specific people but a condition of hunger or poverty or despair." *Forbes* comments that our future enemies, on this premise, are not people but conditions "which can come into being in one country almost as easily as in another." And the moral drawn from this entirely accurate observation is not that we should attack the causes of poverty but that we should continue to arm ourselves against the poor—who will always, and everywhere, be with us.

Reviewing *Responsibility and Response* in *Book Week* (February 12), Malcolm W. Browne comments that by transforming Taylor's ideas into a working Executive body, President Johnson has moved foreign affairs and war one step further from the American people, and of course from Congress, which is supposed to represent the people, especially in intervals when the President does not. Browne sees Taylor's book as posing what foreign nations—and many Americans—have come to regard as "The American Problem."

The Wrong Symbol

It is late in the day to call attention to the essential crassness of the National Book Awards, whose eighteenth annual presentation ceremony took place on March 8. An awards ceremony is predictable; those expecting truth, poetry or passion should take their business elsewhere. But to have invited Vice President Humphrey as the principal speaker was the kind of obvious mistake the distinguished members of the Awards Advisory Committee and the Boards of Judges cannot be excused for allowing to occur. (If their plea is powerlessness, so much the worse for the nature of the occasion.) At its best, the invitation can be seen only as an effort to ignore the despair and rage over our government's conduct in Vietnam felt by a significant number of intellectuals and artists. At its worst, it was an attempt to use the publishing community as part of the patina of "consensus" which gilded the proceedings at Lincoln Center. Fifty to 100 writers, editors and publishers walked out of the audience for the duration of the Vice President's speech;

they refused to play a part in an act of deliberate evasion.

Nobody cares to spoil a party, or turn down a prize, or be rude to one's host, and that no like gesture came from the platform is understandable. Vice President Humphrey unnecessarily reminded the audience that the walkout represented one of our free-speech prerogatives, and he used his speech to extol the safely stirring works of Mark Twain, Thomas Paine and Jefferson, among others. Nothing wrong there.

And nothing wrong either with the quality of the books that did receive the awards. If the party turned out to be a troubled one, it was because of the symbol represented by the Vice Presidential office in a period of violent intellectual dissent. Under the circumstances, the choice of speaker was an incredibly insensitive one.

'The Quintessential Harry'

The tributes paid to Henry Luce were, of course, a just and fair measure of the remarkable position he had come to occupy in the roster of the great American journalists. The tributes, which ranged from fair to fulsome, reflected a nearly unanimous feeling that Luce possessed a quality of prevision which, in retrospect, had added an extra dimension to his stature. Although not expressly stated, it was as though the course of events had vindicated his conception of America's role in the world. And of course it had.

"The quintessential Harry," as *Newsweek* pointed out, was Luce the Imperialist. Not only did he greatly admire Theodore Roosevelt but he was "forthrightly and unashamedly an American imperialist—first, last and always. . . ." Among imperialists, the frank, no-nonsense

types are always preferable to those who mask their objectives in pious rhetoric. One can be grateful that Luce never made the slightest pretense of being anything other than what he was—an old-style, hard-nosed imperialist. He never attempted to conceal his personal views or to deny his prejudices. And who today, reflecting on his career, will say that he was not a prophet?

In a famous *Life* editorial on "The American Century," written in 1941, he said that it was time "to accept wholeheartedly our duty and our opportunity as the most powerful and vital nation in the world and in consequence to exert upon the world the full impact of our influence, for such purposes as we see fit and by such means as we see fit." No ambiguity there. At the time, this kind of plain-speaking grated harshly on ears attuned to the rhetoric of Roosevelt and Willkie and Wallace. The applause was not deafening and there were even catcalls. But a quarter century of dedication to the pursuit of cold-war policies has toughened us; we are not as sensitive to the moral implications of policy as we were then. Today we are not particularly affronted by "the arrogance of power." We no longer draw back from the suggestion that it is not merely our right but our clear duty to police the world.

Not only did Henry Luce have a realistic prevision of the postwar world but he put the resources of the journalistic empire he had created at the service of the New American Imperium. He did not hitch his wagon to a star—he put its weight behind the juggernaut of American power. In this sense he picked the right time to die: when it seemed as though his ideas had triumphed and before the consequences of this triumph could return to haunt him.

SOUTH ARABIA

NASSER AND THE SULTANS

JOE ALEX MORRIS, Jr.

Mr. Morris is Middle East correspondent for the Los Angeles Times. He has been reporting from the Arab world over the past fifteen years.

Beirut

Sometime soon, possibly before the end of 1967, the British will have pulled out of South Arabia, a vast desert backwater bigger than the United Kingdom itself, which stretches around the southern rim of the oil-rich Arabian peninsula from the Yemen to the feudal sultanate of Muscat and Oman. The withdrawal has already begun. As of January 1, no more British service families are being sent to South Arabia, and the huge military housing ghetto built by enterprising merchants on reclaimed land in the heart of Aden crown colony is slowly emptying.

The British decision to get out is provoking civil dis-

order in the area. Financed by the Egyptians and operating from the sanctuary of Republican Yemen, terrorists are daily throwing bombs in Aden. In the trackless back country that used to be called the West Aden Protectorate and is now the South Arabian Federation, wild, dissident tribesmen ambush patrols and shoot up the picturesque *Beau Geste* forts that dot the barren mountains and dry river beds. At present, two groups appear to be responsible for the bulk of the violence: the Front for the Liberation of South Yemen (FLOSY), which operates out of Yemen with Egyptian support; and the National Liberation Front, which lost its support from Cairo when it refused to merge with FLOSY. The two groups, thought to be working under an uneasy truce, use terrorist tactics to upset British plans to launch the South Arabian Federation. Further trouble is expected with the arrival of a UN mission within the next few weeks.

The situation resembles Palestine before the British withdrawal in 1948, only this time Arab will be fighting Arab, instead of Arabs against Jews. Casualties are fairly high: 363 killed in 1965 and 1966, including twenty-nine British servicemen. But it was not the cost in human lives but the critical economic situation facing Great Britain that dictated the pull-out.

Why all the bloodshed if the British are serious about leaving, as they certainly seem to be? The answer, at least in Arab nationalist eyes, is that while the Union Jack may well be hauled down some sunny day, the devious plotters in Whitehall don't give up that easily. The whole structure of the South Arabian Federation, in which sixteen nominally independent sheikdoms and Aden have joined together, is to the nationalist a heinous British scheme to perpetuate their rule through feudal back-country sultans who are at their beck and call.

Naturally, the British and the aforementioned sultans look at the situation somewhat differently. To them, the Egyptian-inspired terrorism is nothing less than a prelude to a Nasserite take-over attempt in South Arabia the moment the British are gone. There is an element of truth in both views. For that reason, the crown colony of Aden, with 285,000 people the largest single element in the Federation and vastly more advanced than the hinterland, had to be dragooned into joining the Federation. The result so far has been that for months past the colony has lived under emergency rule with all normal legislative and executive functions scrapped. Hardly, one might say, good training for the independence which is just around the corner.

Like it or not, Aden is now committed to the struggle on the side of the sultans, but not all of South Arabia has taken the plunge. The most important state to stand aloof from the Federation is Qa'iti, the largest in all South Arabia, with an estimated 300,000 people in an area the size of Pennsylvania. Because Qa'iti completely dominates the other two states in the old Eastern Protectorate, all three have stayed as far as possible away from the muddle going on to the west.

The reasons for this abstention have been numerous. One was pure avarice: Pan American was searching for oil in the east at the time the Federation was taking shape, and the rulers there were not eager to put themselves into a situation where they would have to share the prospective loot with the westerners. Another motive was self-preservation. There was a strong feeling—so far it has held good—that the eastern states would be spared Egyptian-inspired terrorism as long as they did not commit themselves to the Federation. A third factor was national feeling. The core of the Eastern Protectorate is the Hadhramut, a potentially rich and occasionally fertile valley that stretches some 300 miles through the barren mountains. It has that special evolutionary combination of promise and uncertainty which produces unusual people. It is the graveyard of legendary kingdoms that go back into prehistory; it was a rich prize in the Queen of Sheba's days, and she was but one of many who coveted the valley. It produced art, sculpture and civilization, and an outward-looking community of traders and soldiers of fortune. The Hadhramut gives the eastern section of South Arabia a special sense of identity, and its people set them-

selves apart from those of the west, whom they look upon as Yemenis, no matter what the British and the sultans say.

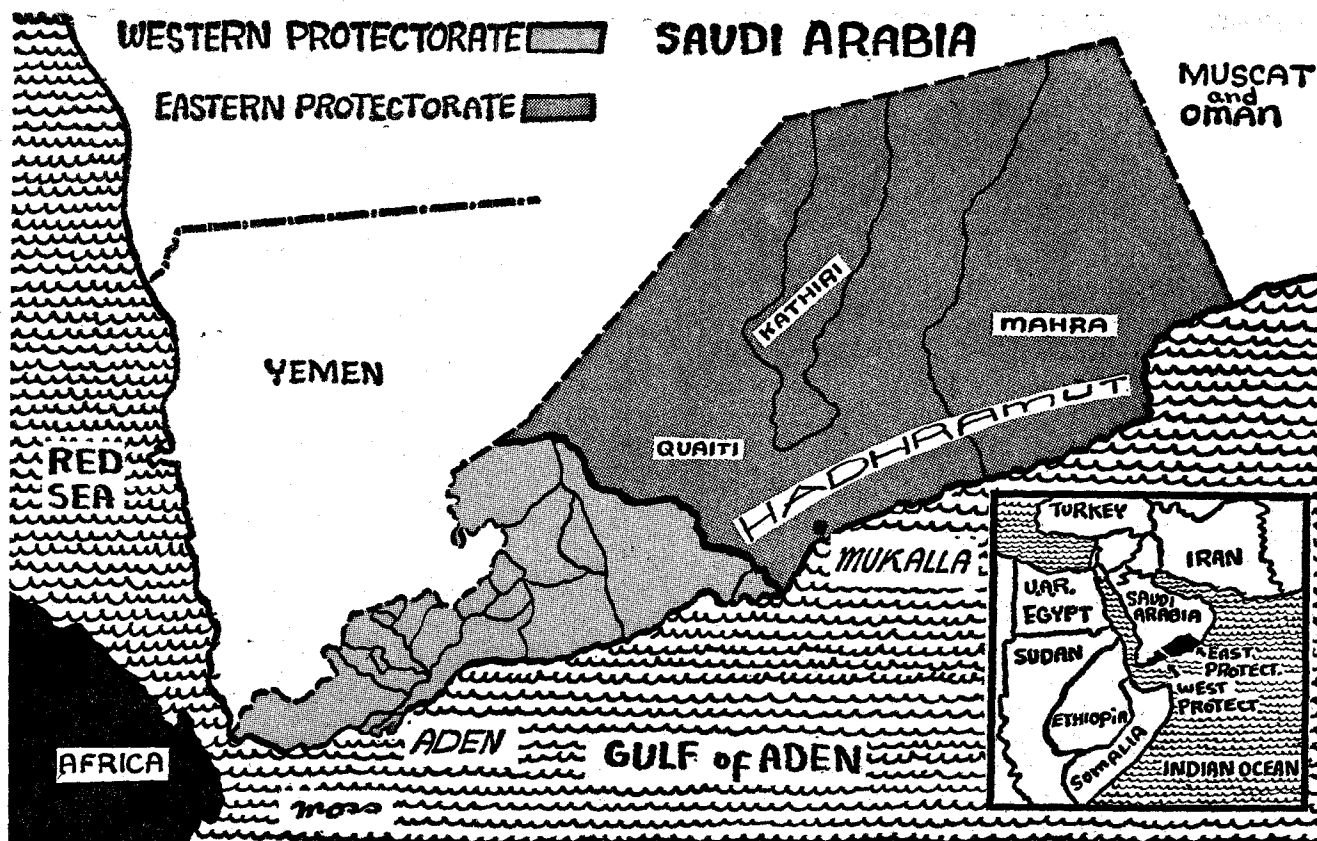
Hadhramis have settled all over the eastern world, making merchant fortunes in Indonesia, Malay and elsewhere. Mercenary soldiers from the region were the Hessians of the east: until his fall from power the Nizam of Hyderabad recruited them exclusively for his private army. Nobody ever kept count, but authorities in the capital, Mukalla, figure there is one Hadhrami abroad for every two at home. In short, a resourceful and imaginative people. Like the Yemenis but unlike most Arabs of the peninsula, the Hadhramis work hard and are not afraid to soil their hands. The valley today displays the monuments to their skills and sweat, whether the spectacular mud skyscrapers of Shibam or the palatial residences, some with swimming pools, of retired merchant grandees who accumulated their wealth in far-off lands and came home to die.

Reasonably prosperous on its overseas remittances, splendidly isolated, and not particularly inconvenienced by the warring influence of the British Raj, Qa'iti could have gone on forever had not the outside world rudely intervened. This began in a negative way in the 1950s, when emergent nationalisms in Indonesia, East Africa and elsewhere began to slow down the streams of money coming back home. Estimates vary, but *émigrés* from the Hadhramut were probably sending back \$10 million yearly. This flood tide is now down to a trickle, the bulk of which comes from Hadhramis working in the oil fields of Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf.

Another intrusion has been commercial. Mukalla, a dramatic town nestled between the Arabian Sea and the barren red-brown mountains, currently suffers from horrendous traffic jams in its narrow unpaved streets where a few years ago there was no problem at all. The cars and trucks are all Japanese; the automobile age has come to Qa'iti because the Japanese, eager to break into a British preserve, offered local dealers fantastic credit terms with no repayment for two years. People buy cars despite the fact that there is no place to go beyond the immediate environs of Mukalla: even the road to the airport crosses soft sand and requires a jeep.

But really important outside penetration is political. Independence is hardly more than a year away and the winds of political change are beginning to blow up strong. To an outsider, this may seem odd, Qa'iti being generally thought of as a flyblown backwater. The fact is, however, that its citizens enjoy more political freedom than do Arabs of any independent state except Lebanon. Newspapers of every political view and from all over the Arab world circulate freely, and pictures of Gamal Abdel Nasser adorn every other shop front. Whatever else may be said about the heritage of British colonialism, it offers more freedom of expression than do those who succeed it in the name of freedom.

The other side of the coin, at least in Qa'iti, is that the British have done little to prepare the citizenry for independence, aside from providing direct subsidies to keep the administrative machinery and security forces going. The people of Mukalla, not the British, raised the money for the city's telephone and electricity system, and gen-



erally the same holds true throughout the Hadhramut. One reason for this is that as long as it was comfortable to do so, the British looked upon both the protectorates as just that—areas in which they had defense and advisory treaties with the local rulers, but in which, at least theoretically, they did not mess in domestic affairs. This attitude changed only when the Yemen revolution of 1962, together with Britain's steadily deteriorating economic and international position, made it clear that sooner or later South Arabia would have to stand on its own feet or sink beneath the rising tide of nationalism. That South Arabia had no oil and that modern military transport techniques made the Aden base obsolete were other factors.

Because Qa'iti stayed out of the South Arabian Federation, it doesn't fit any pattern developing for the future. Those who feel the Federation to be basically unstable—and their number is not small—think this a gain for Qa'iti. The sultans of the Federation, who have chosen to stand and fight together, are convinced it means that the Eastern Protectorate will be the first to fall under Nasser's influence. This would affect not only them but the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman on the east, where significant oil discoveries have been made and are just now coming into production, and where the back country is in a near-chronic state of dissension.

The sultans could be right. Once the British leave, the Eastern states will either have to scratch up another \$1.4 million annually or disband the famed Hadhramut Bedouin Legion, one of the last colonial barefoot brigades and the principal instrument of maintaining such order as exists in the whole region. More important, Qa'iti is

coming of political age with an archaic system of government which continues only because British authority is just a few hours' flying time away at the big Aden base. The base too is due to be disbanded by 1968 at the latest, and the British are already reinforcing their limited garrisons in the gulf—where the oil is.

The Qa'iti system is nominally headed by His Highness Sultan Ghalib bin Awad al-Qa'iti. Sultan Ghalib is a stripling of 18, who succeeded to the silver-embossed Nepalese settee that serves as a throne last October when his father died. A soft-eyed youth whose mother is an Indian, he really wanted to go up to Oxford and continue playing the cricket he learned at prep school in England. The Indian connection is not accidental. The sultan's great-grandfather commanded the Nizam of Hyderabad's army, and the family has been based as much in India as in Arabia. Ghalib spoke Urdu before he spoke English. He learned Arabic as a teen-ager, and still speaks it with an Indian accent.

In Qa'iti this is not resented as much as it might be elsewhere. The Hadhramis, thanks to their roving ways, have lost much of the xenophobia that characterizes most Arabs. Ghalib has taken to wearing the flowing Arab headdress instead of the Indian-style turban affected by his predecessors, but rumor has it that his mother still plans to marry him off to a suitable Indian girl. One gets the feeling that she'd better hurry. Even if the sultan's nominal authority survives and becomes real after independence, it is Arab and not Indian nationalism that will shape the future of his state.

This course is evident not only from the ubiquitous pictures of Nasser but from the shape of the politics now developing in the Hadhramut. Two parties have reached

what might be called the incubating stage, and they reflect the major reality in Arab politics today, the confrontation of the Arab radicals who look to Nasser and the conservatives who rally around King Feisal of Saudi Arabia. The Nasserites in Qa'iti are lumped together in the Arab Socialist party, which claims a membership of some 7,000. The conservative faction is the Saudi-supported South Arabian League, which is active throughout the two protectorates.

Or, rather, it was. The League has been banned in Qa'iti, following two demonstrations against the party. In the first, which happened at an up-country town, a leading member of the party leaned out of a window of his house and fired a rifle at the demonstrators, wounding four. The second incident occurred in Mukalla where, incredibly, the same sort of provocation produced a similar reaction. In that case, however, a member of the party threw a grenade at demonstrators from the roof of the party offices, killing one and injuring forty-five. This was too much for the local authorities. They moved in and arrested party leaders, thirty-five of whom are now on trial. They also found caches of grenades and arms and a list of party members. The total membership was reported to be 160, which didn't say much for King Feisal's powers of persuasion or for his money. The meager count may eventually hurt the party more than the trials and official ban.

Qa'iti State thus enters a time of transformation in parlous, dubious shape to govern itself. The ruler is 18, the British are leaving, the Nasserites are strong and what appeared to be the only organized opposition to them is in disgrace.

Whatever happens in Qa'iti will most certainly be paral-

leled in the two smaller states of the Eastern Protectorate; the future there may or may not take shape independently of the convulsions already plaguing the Western Protectorate and Aden. The Hadhramis, being a proud and independent people with some resources of their own, may eventually come up with a national solution of their own, independent of both King Feisal and President Nasser. But the cards do not lie that way now.

The clearest sign of what is to come is found in the attitude of the former Grand Vizier of Qa'iti, a suave and distinguished man of 43, named Ahmed al-Atass, who has served the state for twenty-three years. "I'm thinking of retiring," he said recently. "I feel sorry for the Sultan. He won't find the kind of man who can replace me soon." Al-Atass reflects the general political malaise in the state. "After years of British mistakes, it's not easy to change policy here," he says. Another sign was the collapse of recent attempts to elect a municipal council in Mukalla. The elections had to be canceled because the required number of candidates failed to present themselves.

Though Qa'iti is the largest and most populous of all the South Arabian states, what happens there will not shake the world. But it will be watched closely as a portent of things to come elsewhere. From the Yemen around the southern rim of the peninsula to Bahrain in the Persian Gulf, Britain today holds similar sheikdoms and sultanates in protective treaty relationships. Some, containing huge and largely undeveloped oil reserves, are vital to Britain's economic life line. The Saudis know this, and King Feisal is said to be prepared to spend what he must to keep Nasserite influence out of the region. But if his efforts in Qa'iti are any indication, it will be another case of too little and too late.

A.B.C. & ITT: MARRIAGE in HASTE

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington, D.C.

The American Broadcasting Company, the third largest television network in the country, and the International Telephone and Telegraph Co., the world's largest manufacturer of telecommunications products (the ninth largest employer in the world), are now in the throes of merger, and the spectacle is about as fascinatingly unsightly and dangerous as two elephants mating on a rolling railroad flatcar. The blame for any lack of decorum lies not with either A.B.C. or ITT but with the Federal Communications Commission.

There have been so many lapses and omissions, so much secrecy and haste, in the handling of this immensely important transaction that the Federal Communications Commission deserves U.S. Sen. Gaylord Nelson's recent description: "just another regulatory agency that has become a willing tool of the industry it is supposed to regulate."

The actual consummation of the merger—the biggest

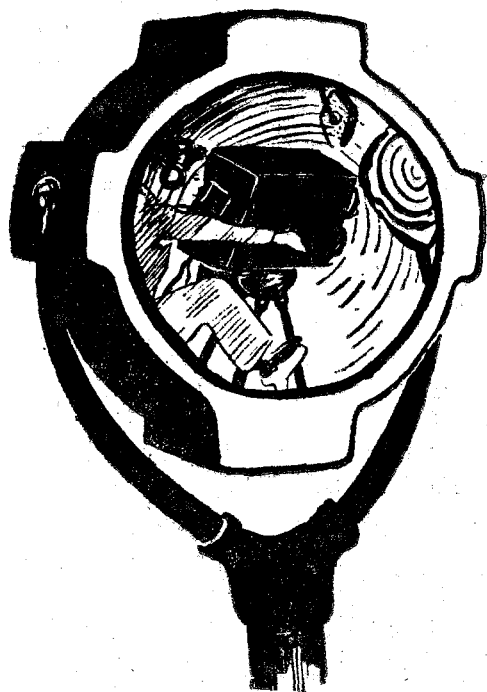
ever processed through the FCC, and also certainly one of the most controversial—has been held up temporarily while the U.S. Justice Department bickers with the FCC majority in an effort to get the commission to reopen the case and reconsider it from the antitrust and profiteering position. This is certainly not an unreasonable request by the Justice Department. There's enough bigness involved, and enough rumors about ITT's wanting to bleed A.B.C. of both money and imagery (the companies allege that the life-giving flow would be in the opposite direction), to make it a legitimate study for Washington's antitrust sleuths.

There may be some good reasons for permitting the merger, but the FCC majority—Chairman Rosel H. Hyde, Robert E. Lee, Lee Loevinger and James J. Wadsworth—has made not the slightest effort to find out what they are. As soon as ITT and A.B.C. said they were engaged, these four commissioners said go ahead. Never mind hearings or evidence of public need, marry away! It was the most forward display of submission to special interests that Washington has seen for some time.

Nevertheless, the episode has a bright side of sorts. Though it may not do any practical good, at least the public got some good blows in from the minority dissent (Kenneth Cox, Robert T. Bartley, Nicholas Johnson) and especially from Johnson, the remarkable young man who until recently, as Maritime commissioner, was beginning to bring some order to that shattered industry, and who now, as the newest FCC commissioner, brings to a usually calloused agency a real voice of outrage.

Last fall, when the FCC was going through the charade of "deciding" whether or not to permit the merger, Johnson, Cox and Bartley pressed ITT with a list of questions. Among them was this one:

"Suppose ITT owned a large telephone utility in a developing country ruled by a military government and



A.B.C. news had prepared a documentary series on the poverty and repression in the country. Suppose further that the government in question then said to ITT: 'Either kill the news series detrimental to our government or face action adverse to your telephone utility, action which may include discriminatory taxes, canceled contracts or, if necessary, expropriation.' How would ITT react in such a situation?"

That question, along with a lot of other cutting ones, still has not been answered, or the answers have not been made public. Mostly the questions revolve around possible conflict of interest. Could A.B.C. be expected to produce a slashing documentary in opposition to loan sharks? (ITT owns Aetna Finance Company, which has 227 small loan offices.) Could we look for some tough reporting from A.B.C. in regard to profiteering by the insurance industry? (ITT owns most or all of the Alexander Hamilton Life Insurance Co. and the American Universal Life Insurance Company, and half of the Great International Life Insurance Company.) Would A.B.C. be allowed to editorialize in favor of mellower

relations with Russia? (ITT set up the Moscow "hot line," the Distant Early Warning Communication system and communications for NATO and SHAPE.)

But the stickiest questions of all arise from ITT's foreign entanglements, which it has had from its beginnings a generation ago as a holding company for telegraph and telephone firms in Puerto Rico and Cuba. Today ITT has significant holdings in forty countries. Some of them are not pleasant places to do business, but ITT survives by going along with the ruling cliques and by encouraging the United States Government to do likewise.

At a 1964 stockholders' meeting, ITT President Harold S. Geneen is reported to have observed:

"Recent events in Brazil have dramatically supported an improving turn of events there, and I draw your attention to the significance of President Johnson's recognition of the new Brazilian Government, in line with what may well be known in the future as the 'Mann Doctrine,' after our assistant secretary of Latin American affairs, who recommended it." He said that the U.S.'s recognition of the Brazilian dictators "*considerably strengthened . . . the security of all our operations in underdeveloped countries.*"

On the same occasion he is reported to have said: "Finally, there is the very important basic policy of the U.S. Government, expressed by Congress in the Hickenlooper amendment to the AID program, *which has increasingly aligned the U.S. Government with those countries that show integrity in their handling of invested properties of the U.S. shareholders.*"

ITT has had property expropriated in Brazil and seven other countries, and it has become hypersensitive to the whims of Latin American tyrants. Perhaps it can't be blamed for that, but it makes all the more pertinent the question put four months ago:

What would ITT do if A.B.C. worked up a documentary that offended the government of Brazil, and Brazil said "kill it or we'll put your Companhia Telefonica Nacional out of business"? ITT also owns telephone companies in Chile and Peru. It has companies that manufacture, sell and service telephones and electronic equipment in Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Ecuador, El Salvador and Venezuela, not to mention seven manufacturing plants in friendly Mexico, which doesn't push around Yankee investors as it once did. ITT has had property expropriated by Castro in Cuba. To what extent would it permit A.B.C. newscasters to say even an oblique kind word for Castro?

It would be helpful to know who are the ten top ITT stockholders in each country where it does business. The minority commissioners asked for this information, and presumably got it, but the FCC refuses—by a vote of 4 to 3—to make the list public. It would be interesting to identify, for instance, the top ten stockholders in Germany, a country in which one ITT subsidiary alone manufactures and sells more than \$60 million worth of goods each year. Are there any ties interlocking with, say, Krupp? The public should know.

Commissioner Johnson made the point in his dissenting brief that the 1934 Communications Act has a

section aimed specifically at ITT; it forbids granting a station license to "any alien or the representative of any alien, any foreign government or the representative thereof, or any corporation organized under the laws of any foreign government. . . ."

With some justification, surely, Johnson wonders where that puts the legality of the ITT-A.B.C. merger since, from a proxy statement filed in February, 1965, it is known that ITT agreed to let the Chilean Government buy up to 49 per cent of the common stock of ITT's Chilean telephone subsidiary. The Chilean Government names three of the company's directors.

Furthermore:

ITT owns 13 per cent of the shares of Indian Telephone Industries, Ltd. The Indian Government owns more than 75 per cent of that company. ITT has a 20 per cent slice of a French telecommunications research company. The French Government is the majority stockholder. ITT owns 5.5 per cent of a Swedish company. The Swedish Government owns 50 per cent of the same company.

So at least four foreign governments consider themselves business associates of the future owner of America's third-ranking radio and television network. These foreign countries can also consider themselves at least distant partners in the ownership of 400 movie theatres in thirty-four states, inasmuch as Paramount Theaters is a subsidiary of A.B.C.

Commissioner Johnson also suggested that at least a whiff of illegality (based on the 1934 law) is arising from the fact that "three ITT officials are members of foreign legislative bodies, two of the British House of Lords and one of the French National Assembly. Another is a former premier of Belgium. And several have positions with ministries of foreign governments or as officials of government-owned industries." Johnson is quick to admit that he does not know all the foreign governmental ties of ITT, and he offers these only as "a hint" of the total involvement abroad.

Just recently, Trygve Lie, first secretary general of the United Nations, was elected to a six-man board of Standard Telefon Og Kabelfabrikk, a Norwegian subsidiary of ITT. John Birch Society members may be uneasy watching A.B.C. news, knowing that one fractional element of the parent company is staffed by such a famous one-worlder. But they will probably be no more uneasy than the "doves" who will view A.B.C. news in the knowledge that 25 per cent of ITT's income (about \$500 million) is from U.S. defense and space contracts. And when A.B.C. gives three or four hours to following a capsule flight, from countdown to splashdown, can it be considered altogether a public service, undiluted by any effort to sell the public on the worthiness of ITT's space business?

Of course, executives of both A.B.C. and ITT solemnly affirm that ITT-A.B.C. will in no way be influenced by its Pentagon-NASA foreign income, but their assurances often recall former Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson's definition of "what's good for" the country. At the FCC hearings, the following exchange occurred between Commissioner Johnson and John Mc-

Cone, former head of the Central Intelligence Agency, and now on the ITT board of directors. Italics are added:

JOHNSON: I presume in your relations with your companies abroad and income abroad you are obviously concerned with the interest of those nations where you have plants, aren't you?

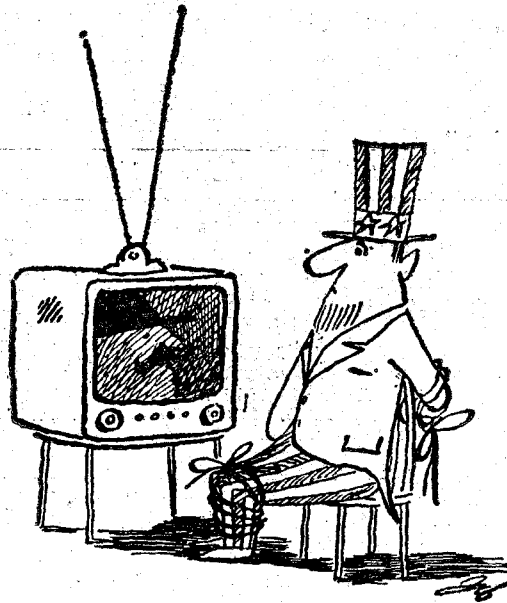
McCONE: Very much so.

JOHNSON: And you try to work closely with those governments in maintaining good relations with them?

McCONE: Yes. That is important not only from the standpoint of ITT, but it is also important from the standpoint of the interests of the United States Government. *In that regard, the interests of the government and the interests of the company are parallel. . . .*

JOHNSON: But do you see any possibility that there might sometime be an instance in which A.B.C. would want to do a public affairs documentary on an issue involving a foreign country and its relations with the United States, that the interests of ITT might be somewhat different from those the A.B.C. producer would like to represent?

McCONE: No, I couldn't imagine that. . . . *I think the problem here would be whether such a program would be in the national interest, in the interest of informing the public, in the interest of supporting maybe,*



things that this country wants to accomplish: certainly not in programing in the interest of some foreign activity of ITT. I couldn't imagine that.

And a little later, when Johnson requested McCone's comment on the fact that "the interests of ITT are served by maintaining public interest in the space program," McCone hewed to the same line of patriotism: "I would question very much whether an A.B.C. producer would support the space program because of the benefits to ITT. I think if he was going to support the space program he would support it because it was in the national interest to do so . . . certainly, as director of ITT, this is the only reason I would support the space program, that it was in the national interest, not in the special interest of the corporation."

Two members of ITT's board will sit on A.B.C.'s board, four members of A.B.C.'s board will sit on ITT's

board, but McCone insists that they can keep their hats straight.

When Leonard M. Goldenson, president of A.B.C., testified, Johnson challenged him to mention one time when A.B.C. had put on a program which risked irritating members of its board of directors. After some thought, Goldenson said that Howard K. Smith had put on a documentary about Nixon which had offended some board members and some stockholders. This evoked from Johnson the dry reply that while he commended Goldenson for "your courage" in putting on a program involving Nixon, he would prefer to have an example of a public affairs program "directed against some substantial economic interest, which is what we are really talking about here."

Goldenson could not recall a program of that type. Nor could he remember any National Broadcasting Company program that attacked the economic interests of the Radio Corporation of America (RCA), which owns N.B.C.

Goldenson, like McCone, repeatedly stated his conviction that A.B.C. would not bow to the economic interests of ITT. But Commissioner Kenneth Cox observed that Goldenson had not always been so sure of A.B.C.'s adamancy in the face of economic pressures. "I hope it is not a breach of confidence," said Cox, "but I think once in a private conversation you said you did not think it desirable to have people on A.B.C.'s board of directors who have interest in products advertised on A.B.C. television."

Throughout the two days of hearings, the minority commissioners tried to get some guarantee of objectivity from the A.B.C. and ITT executives, but no tangible guarantee was forthcoming, and the more the commissioners pressed the point, the angrier the merging executives became. It was a classic standoff of sincerity: one side sincerely gave its word that it would be objective; the other side sincerely regretted that a promise was not sufficient assurance where temptation ran into the billions of dollars.

But, in any case, this was all meaningless jousting, a useless waste of tempers. The merger had been sewed up for months. The directors of both companies agreed to terms on February 14, 1966, and within four months the trade press was writing that the majority of the Federal Communications Commission was ready to approve. The majority of the commissioners had not even wanted to hold a public hearing; it had wanted to approve the merger before the slow-moving Justice Department cranked itself into motion and began to study the antitrust features of the transaction. "The majority's treatment of this case, in my judgment, makes a mockery of the public responsibility of a regulatory commission that is perhaps unparalleled in the history of American administrative process," Commissioner Johnson wrote in his dissent. "From the outset, the outcome of this case has been a foregone conclusion."

When, grudgingly, the commission majority agreed to brief hearings, the Justice Department did not send a representative. There was nobody there to speak for the public's interest. Three members of the commission majority asked ITT and A.B.C. officials no questions; the

fourth majority member spent his time abusing a member of the FCC staff for testifying that the commission should move slowly and carefully because "the transaction you are asked to approve eclipses in size and surpasses in importance any other transfer of broadcast interests the commission has yet been called upon to consider," and kept stressing the point that it was the acquisition of "one of the most powerful mass media extant—a major national radio and television network and seventeen radio and television broadcast stations—by one of the largest and most highly diversified corporate complexes in existence." The commission majority was unimpressed.

The role of Assistant Attorney General Donald F. Turner's antitrust division in the case has not been impressive. As usual, it took too long getting started in its investigation; and then, when it was common knowledge that the commission was about to approve the merger (Morton Mintz told exactly what the FCC would do in a story in *The Washington Post* on November 2, three weeks before the commission acted), Turner kept dawdling. Finally, on November 21, he issued an equivocal warning to the commission of possible antitrust implications in the case. Even this tepid warning was enough to precipitate action. The letter from Turner arrived at the FCC offices after the 6 P.M. closing, and yet the commission approved the merger before 10 A.M. the next day.

Now, because Turner became furious at being insulted in this way and has since been demanding that the commission reopen the hearings—and because there is talk in the House Small Business Committee and in the Senate Small Business Monopoly Subcommittee and the Senate Antitrust Subcommittee of possible investigations—the commission has agreed to consider any new evidence the Justice Department may want to present.

But this is not likely to change the commission's decision, and there is a very good chance that the Justice Department's "help" will now only steer the argument away from where it belongs. It would, after all, be difficult to prove that the merger would reduce competition. If the merger of RCA and N.B.C. did not noticeably reduce competition, neither would the merger of another electronics manufacturer with another network.

Some good will come from the merger. A.B.C. President Goldenson estimated that his stock in the company will increase in value by about \$1 million. And ITT President Geneen will have a more widely publicized corporation, something that he has wanted ever since he took over ITT in 1959. He has repeatedly deplored ITT's lack of image. "You can stop fifteen people in the street and not one will know what ITT is," he said. "That bothers me."

But what will be the benefit to the public from the merger? There are more than 600 pages of briefs, testimony, letters and whatnot on file in the FCC library in regard to this case, but one can search through them ever so diligently without discovering a clue to what specifically the merged ITT-A.B.C. will have to offer the public of more benefit than the old independent A.B.C. would have offered by itself. It is one of the many questions which the majority of the FCC didn't consider of much importance.

LAYING FREEDOM ON THE LINE

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting developments in the civil rights movement.

"It's the turning point in my life," said the black young man who told his draft board he would no more enter the U.S. army than he would the Ku Klux Klan. "I know I'm placing myself outside certain things in this society, but I'm not going to fight against the heroic struggle of my colored brothers in the National Liberation Front."

. . .

"I don't want to go to jail," said the young white man on the eve of starting a five-year term for draft evasion. "But this war is illegal if the Nuremberg trials meant anything. So somebody has to raise the issues and I can't cop out now."

. . .

"I have one piece of advice for anybody fighting the draft," said the black former SNCC worker just released after serving two years as a draft offender. "Don't go to jail. Because jail destroys you."

. . .

"These kids are the real heroes of our time," said a lawyer who defends them, "not those poor boys fighting to win the Silver Stars. But these casualties at home get picked off one by one and hardly anybody cares."

. . .

When their cases come to trial, the indictment reads: *The United States of America Against*. . . This is the standard legal nomenclature in actions brought by the federal government, but it has a peculiar aptness in these cases. To reject the draft today means to stand very much alone. And with the furor over draft-law reform forcing Congressional hearings and Presidential orders, the plight of hundreds—perhaps thousands—of principled young Americans is getting lost in the shuffle.

Changes in the mechanics of Selective Service do not interest them because they disdain notions of equity in the draft if America's military behavior cannot be justified. Black and white, they will not cooperate with what they feel are racist overtones in Vietnam or with Washington's power obsession everywhere. Militant, they cannot don the lambskin of conscientious objector. Right or wrong, they are going to jail in increasing numbers rather than enter the army of the United States.

This body of unyielding young men is dwarfed by the magnitude of the federal apparatus they challenge. It begins with virtually autonomous draft boards that make a mockery of uniform administration of the Selective Service Law, and ends with courts whose judgment seems tempered to the times. In between are the Justice Department and its FBI (or vice versa). The FBI has boasted that 450 draft-evader convictions resulted in 1966 from its investigations. The Bureau doesn't say how many

of these subjects openly declared themselves, how many were apprehended by agents who penetrated cunning disguises, or tracked cowardly fugitives to isolated mountain tops. Lumping principled and unprincipled violators together blurs the image of young men laying their freedom on the line to confront an issue.

A sluggish press abets this process by running repetitive columns on the daily business of killing in Vietnam, while sparing only a paragraph or two for men who choose prison over killing. So James Thurber's ticking draftee who swallowed a watch to fail his physical, a movie actor or football player squirming to find deferment, a youth arguing that he would become a criminal under international law by accepting the draft—all become uniformly contemptible.

Finally, the individual draft refuser takes his stand without a clear commitment from the old or New Left. And he has failed generally to strike up allegiances with his own kind. Racial tensions, differing legal and philosophical approaches, even geography, prevent potential allies from forming a common front. So the image is further blurred. But if we focus on individual men who refuse the draft and on those who defend them, the image sharpens and the conduct of the government, its boards, courts and prosecutors, assumes some clarity.

Conrad Lynn is a 58-year-old New York attorney who has been involved in civil rights combat all his adult life. He is currently handling forty-odd draft cases, about evenly divided between whites and Negroes. Lynn once belonged to the New York Communist Party, was expelled in the late thirties for bucking the Moscow line, and condemned by the *Daily Worker* during World War II when he went to court to oppose drafting Negroes into a segregated army. The case concerned his brother, Winfred, who in 1942 wrote President Roosevelt that he would not serve in the Jim Crow American army but would volunteer in integrated Canada. The President didn't reply but an induction notice arrived almost immediately.

"It was destined to be the only army segregation case heard by the Supreme Court," Lynn recalls. "I remember the New York State selective service director testifying: 'We don't use the lottery system for Negroes. We have a separate quota and when we need some we call them.'" Arthur Garfield Hays eventually argued the case after Thurgood Marshall—then NAACP counsel and now U.S. Solicitor General—declined to help, according to Lynn. By the time the Supreme Court ruled in 1945, Winfred Lynn had fought in a segregated unit through all the Pacific campaigns starting with Guadalcanal. The ruling, by then academic, went against him on a technicality.

"Today," says Lynn, an ebullient man despite the strains of a long career as a black militant, "the issue of a segregated army has disappeared but others have become more complex. These kids are up to it; they're terrifically advanced in their social thinking. Well it's

obvious the white ones have to be to come to a Negro lawyer to fight the draft.

"But beyond them there is widespread ignorance among draftees concerning their rights. Many who apparently don't qualify for c.o. status and can't manage academic deferments get sucked in before they know what's hit them. And most draft boards aren't about to apprise them of their rights."

For example, a U.S. Court of Appeals has ruled out a Selective Service Law regulation that a draftee must appeal his classification within ten days of receiving notice. Many are initially confused, uncertain of their attitudes, or unable to secure expert guidance. Now, they may appeal up to the day of induction. But this is generally unknown.

"The Supreme Court with one ruling has greatly liberalized the c.o. status," says Lynn. "In *The U.S. v. Seeger*, it said that a youth with deep moral and social conviction against war, parallel in intensity with a religiously held belief, may qualify as a conscientious objector.

"For the first time, atheists or nonreligiously motivated youth have legal ground to stand on. If they know about it. If under the Miranda ruling criminals about to be questioned must be apprised of their civil rights, shouldn't men facing possible combat in a highly controversial war be similarly enlightened? They're not."

Too many of the country's 4,088 draft boards are mere assembly lines turning out human war machines. And like an automotive assembly line, run-of-the-mill models don't receive the attention lavished on more prestigious products. Run-of-the-mill human models are the poor, the uneducated, the connection-less. This model frequently comes in black. In New Orleans, where Negroes comprise nearly 40 per cent of the population, none has ever sat on a draft board, although black casualty figures for the area are running about 60 per cent of the total. Last year during a trial that convicted a Negro named Raymond DuVernay for refusing induction, defense lawyer Benjamin Smith produced this thought-provoking statistic: On the day DuVernay's board considered his appeal for a hardship deferment (he was a Poverty Program worker supporting his mother and six younger children), the board met for three hours to consider 584 cases. This works out to an average of eighteen and a half seconds per man.

But DuVernay or those who try for c.o. status under existing law are seeking consideration within the system, not challenging it. The hard-core refusers cannot accept alternative service they feel contributes to the American war effort. They are impelled to carry their uncompromisable convictions to the ultimate conclusion—a showdown with the legality of the Vietnamese War, with jail inevitable if they lose. So far, they have always lost.

"The difficulty," says Lynn, "is getting a clear-cut confrontation with the issue of U.S. policy aired before the Supreme Court. The lower courts are avoiding it and sometimes these cases lack the proper constitutional vehicle to get Vietnam into it. Yet it exists. Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution provides Congress with power to raise armies and provide for the common defense. But the American empire is in an expansionist period and we don't have time for these little Constitutional and laws.

"So as it stands now, 90 per cent of the cases are decided on procedure, 10 per cent on merit. A boy may be determined to go to the penitentiary for principle. But as the time comes near, he will sometimes accept other resources, aware that lower courts won't permit him to raise the constitutional issue. He then may make a technical objection to draft-board procedure, the appeal mechanism, that sort of thing. But one day, one of these cases will get through to the Supreme Court."

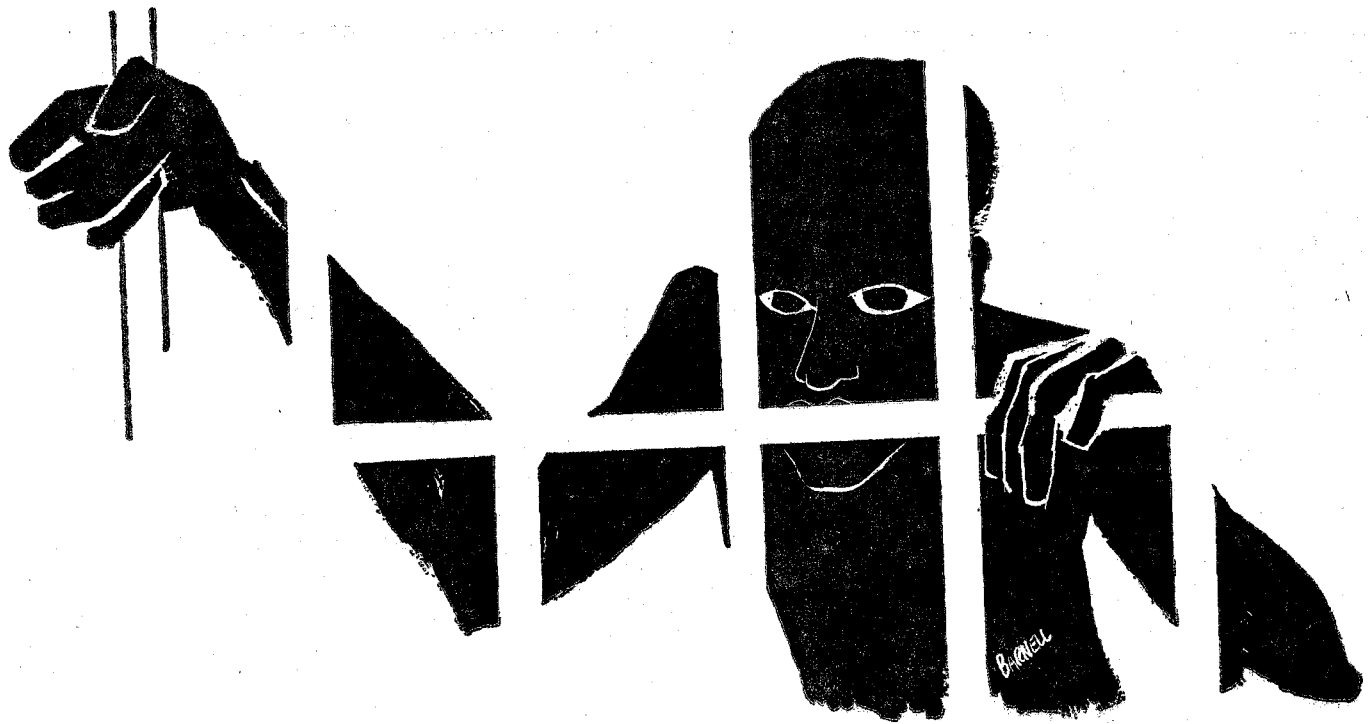
The American Civil Liberties Union, for example, is defending the right of a draftee to be a conscientious objector to this war but not to all war. The "particular-war" argument, supporters feel, is a logical extension of the *Seeger* ruling. While these cases move through the legal mill, about 35 per cent of Lynn's clients try for c.o. status under *Seeger*. Lynn believes draft refusers should exhaust all legal opportunities of appeal to gain time, and cites the case of a man who began appealing when he was 25. By the time he turned 28, the draft board said it didn't want him any more.

"I'm in love with this generation of the sixties," Lynn says. "The kids who come to me are great. They put us all to shame. They go into jail for principle as calm as a Christian martyr going out to the lions."

David Henry Mitchell is today serving a five-year term in federal prison. An intensely individualistic young man, once jailed for picketing against Soviet resumption of nuclear tests, Mitchell also typifies many who have preached U.S. guilt to defend their own innocence. Other names in this radical tradition include Robert McCormick of Detroit, Edward Miller and Geoffrey Reed Conklin of New York, and Donald Weatherall of Chicago. Mitchell was 24 when he surrendered on February 6 in New Haven, an event scarcely noted by the press or broadcasters. *The New York Times*, which has used the words "draft dodger" to describe the openly declared pacifist, David A. Reed, allotted Mitchell a few paragraphs. A few months earlier, its learned militarist, Hanson Baldwin, had been given the lead article in its *Sunday Magazine* to present a general apologia for the present draft, without managing to once mention the moral issues it raises. Mitchell was 18 when those issues induced him to tell his draft board he could not serve; later he expanded his position in a letter:

I oppose the draft, not as something wrong for just me or wrong for only certain people, but as something wrong for the peace and survival of the world. Selective Service is the criminal in this case, as can be judged by American militarism throughout the world—from Cuba to Panama to South Vietnam, and by our basing of policies on nuclear war. I refuse to cooperate in any way which would support the continuance of such activities. I certainly wouldn't have worked in a Nazi concentration camp just because I would not have to tend the ovens or the gas but could be a guard or a clerk. Rather, as I am doing with the draft and the militarism it contributes to, I would have disassociated from such wrong and worked against it.

The year and a half between his initial refusal and his jailing in January is only partly accounted for by Mitchell's two trials and appeals. The fluctuating policy



of draft boards and the Justice Department has created "soft" periods when little or no action was taken against those challenging the draft. Whether this fluctuation is a tactic or merely another manifestation of the incredibly random functioning of the Selective Service Law, it has kept the opposition off guard, unable to discern a clear policy to unite against, and vulnerable to being picked off singly. In late 1965 and last year, with monthly draft calls issued at the rate of 20,000 and 30,000, and the Administration locked into a war posture, prosecutions picked up steam. And five-year sentences suddenly became the norm. What happened to Mitchell is instructive.

Mitchell is a soft-spoken, well-barbered young man with an apple-pie American background. He was raised in New Canaan, Conn., in a middle-class family. His father, a World War II veteran, sent his son to prep school and Brown University. Mitchell registered without protest while at Brown, but the Vietnamese build-up increasingly disturbed him and he became involved in anti-war activities. In August, 1961, he sailed out with other demonstrators into the harbor of the New London Navy base to picket against nuclear-armed Polaris submarines.

"Everybody else went limp when Coast Guardsmen arrested them," a friend recalls. "Not Dave. He dove overboard and started swimming. A frogman caught up with him and pulled him into the boat. Dave said later it was a good thing because he never could have made it to shore. They beat him in jail and he came out pretty determined."

Mitchell began working with the End the Draft Committee while evolving his own position. It cost him personally—his mother lamented the legal dangers he faced, his father's patriotism did not permit him to sit by his son's side during subsequent court encounters. The draft board kept sending Mitchell notices and he kept sending

them back, but the government did not indict until 1965. He responded through his first lawyer, Conrad Lynn, with a defense resting heavily on the Nuremberg trial principle that individuals could be held accountable for joining in their government's crimes against humanity.

"Was Nuremberg just a device enabling victors to execute the vanquished?" Mitchell said. "Or did it apply to us too? By every measure I knew, America was guilty of international war crimes. I would be guilty if I took part. I wasn't saying that we should never have a draft. I was saying the draft was applied contrary to constitutional provisions for the common defense. I wanted to get at the moral and legal guts of Washington's position."

No less an authority than former Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson, chief prosecutor at Nuremberg, had written:

If certain acts in violation of treaties are crimes, they are crimes whether the United States does them or whether Germany does them, and we are not prepared to lay down a rule of criminal conduct against others which we would not be willing to have invoked against us.

The United Nations General Assembly had adopted the Tribunal Charter as international law on a motion by the United States, and Article VI of the U.S. Constitution makes international law, to which this country is signatory, the supreme law of the land. What Mitchell had to prove was that American intervention in Vietnam, its use of biological warfare, and its treatment of civilian populations violated the Charter and other treaties.

But at his first trial before Connecticut District Chief Judge William H. Timbers, Mitchell was not permitted to introduce any evidence pertaining to American policy in Vietnam. Judge Timbers called it a "simple" case, dismissed the Nuremberg defense as "irrelevant," and Mitchell was convicted for failure to report for induction. The judge fined him \$5,000, sentenced him to five years

with the recommendation that it be served in the maximum security Leavenworth Penitentiary, and suggested he not be considered for parole unless he promised to serve in the army.

"That might have been predictable," Mitchell said. "But what bothered me was the disunity among people who should have been banding together. Students for a Democratic Society backed off an anti-draft program after the Administration's get-tough policy scared them. Negroes wouldn't stand with whites even though we're all in it against an immoral society. I got in correspondence with one, a Negro GI in Arkansas last year who refused to go to Vietnam. But eventually he went and became a hero. The white college kids were mostly interested in fighting specifics—schools giving out grades to draft officials, deferment criteria, and so forth. What it all boiled down to was that individual refusers were basically isolated when they needed a unified effort behind them to stand up to government pressures."

With polls showing 80 per cent of college students in basic agreement with Vietnamese policy, this wasn't surprising. Yale Prof. Staughton Lynd, the anti-war militant who visited North Vietnam, said on his return:

Members of the North Vietnam Peace Committee said to us: "We are puzzled that American young men have not taken up the idea of refusing to serve in your army." I am puzzled too. I don't understand why SDS decided not to emphasize an anti-draft program. The most obvious and tragic failure of the movement against the war in this last year has been its failure to develop a responsible program against the draft. We have succeeded in stimulating debate in Congress, but we have left millions of young men, one by one, struggling with this desperate and frightening question, to fend for themselves.

Mitchell appeared to have won a crucial victory when the Second Circuit Court of Appeals reversed his conviction. It said Mitchell's case was not "simple" and pointedly suggested that Judge Timbers assign someone else to the retrial. The appeals court said:

Of basic importance is the fact that the appellant has taken the position that if he submitted to the draft, the "Nuremberg law" would render him "guilty of complicity in crimes defined by the Charter of the International Military Tribunal," specifically wars of aggression and acts of inhumanity.

But the second trial in March, 1966, was almost a carbon copy of the first. The court would not permit Mitchell's attorney to subpoena witnesses—including foreign correspondents, Vietnamese nationals, Professor Lynd and Secretary McNamara—to testify about alleged U.S. peace treaty violations, the use of napalm and defoliation, bombing of the North and prisoner-of-war tortures. Judge T. Emmet Clarie ruled this potential evidence "immaterial." Mitchell was permitted to explain his personal philosophy, but he had insisted all along that his subjective feelings were not the issue. It took the jury twelve minutes to convict him.

He was again sentenced to five years. This time the same appeals court that said his case wasn't "simple" took a new approach. Justice Harold Medina, who presided over the trial of Communist leaders in the 1950s,

wrote the following in a short opinion rejecting Mitchell's appeal:

Regardless of the proof that appellant might present to demonstrate the correlation between the Selective Service and our nation's effort in Vietnam, as a matter of law the congressional power to "raise and support armies" and "to provide and maintain a navy" is a matter quite distinct from the use which the Executive makes of those who have been found qualified and who have been inducted into the Armed Forces.

Perhaps Mitchell's defense lacked what Attorney Lynn called the "proper constitutional vehicle." Or did this legalism say that a President could do what he wanted with a draft army since the constitutional restrictions which the judiciary could invoke applied only to the legislative branch? But in 1945 hadn't Justice Jackson said:

We do not accept the paradox that legal responsibility should be the least where power is greatest . . . with the doctrine of immunity of a head of state usually is coupled another, that orders from an official superior protect one who obeys them. It will be noticed that the combination of these two doctrines means that nobody is responsible.

Mitchell has appealed to the Supreme Court where at least four Justices must vote to review before the Nuremberg issue can be considered. A review, whatever the final decision, would probe the deepest, most sensitive regions of the American state, and the implications would be great. Meanwhile, the instrument of the appeal was not permitted to remain at large.

"I don't want to go to jail," said Mitchell the night before his surrender. "I spent eighteen days there after the Polaris demonstrations and I became very aware of gates opening and closing." But he went and other young men were prepared to follow him, some for the same principles and others for different ones.

Afro Americans for Survival had about a dozen members last summer. Rules for membership were simple. You had to be a Negro. If you were eligible for the draft, you had to refuse it and try to get others to do the same (itself a federal offense). If you were already in, you went AWOL to avoid going to Vietnam. Said the Afro Americans' manifesto:

We are united in believing that this is a racist war and that Black men have nothing to gain by fighting for racist America. We intend to make a stand. We will fight it out in the courts, the streets and the halls of Congress. We call upon all our brothers and sisters to support us in this struggle, for is it not better for Black men to fight for Black survival in America than for Black men to fight for white domination in Vietnam?

Behind the statement lay now familiar U.S. casualty figures that showed a lethal disparity between whites and Negroes. Negroes constitute 11 per cent of the population, but they have made up nearly 15 per cent of the army in Vietnam and have taken more than 20 per cent of combat deaths. One of nine men between 18 and 29 is black; so are two of every nine enlisted men in the army. Administration officials concede the disparity, and

have marshaled logical explanations. Unemployment of Negro youth, as lamentable as it was widespread, induced many to enlist. Once in through choice or the draft, long years of educational neglect found many suited only for infantry duty in line outfits suffering the casualties. What was the answer? Most answers were grim for black Americans. Defense Secretary McNamara came up with a plan to "salvage" men previously rejected for health and educational deficiencies. One hundred thousand a year would be taken and an estimated 30 per cent would be black. Lacking minimum skills or the education to qualify for service training programs, and with the murderous exigencies of Vietnam requiring bodies with guns in their hands, most would be "salvaged" into combat. The lethal disparity would increase. To the white mind of *Saturday Evening Post* editorialists, there was potential great good in all this gore. Those Negroes who managed to survive this "genuinely desegregated area of American life" [i.e., Vietnamese combat] could return home to become "the young core of a reasonably responsible, reasonably responsive Negro leadership, which is something we very badly need."

By the Christmas holidays, Afro Americans for Survival was down to four survivors out of the original dozen. Others had drifted away or accepted the draft. One, a former member of the Green Berets who had been AWOL 200 days was enticed back to the army. His punishment? A \$10-a-month pay deduction for three months while restricted to camp. There was strong suspicion that the kid-glove treatment was designed to lure other black defectors back to the fold.

One day before Christmas, Afro Americans' chairman, Robert Allen, 24, sat in his small Bronx apartment talking with a reporter and two other members, Steven Moore, 22, and Carl Gibbons, 20. The remaining member, 19-year-old Edward Oquendo, was over in Brooklyn where he had organized an anti-draft group called Blacks Against Negative Dying (BAND). But recruitment was unproductive in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Oquendo, under federal indictment, had become an unwitting pun, a one-man BAND.

"The system is using us to fight its wars," said Allen, married and studying for a master's degree in sociology. "Black guys we know don't want to go but they don't see an alternative. They're bitter and frustrated. They don't join groups like ours because they don't think anything will do any good; they'll just go to jail. But the whole idea of fighting the draft in organizations is new and it will spread, particularly as the war expands this year."

"If I was white," added Moore, who has had two years of college and works as attendant in a state hospital, "I wouldn't have so much of a beef. When I got my induction notice it scared hell out of me because I knew I wouldn't go but I didn't know how. When they asked me why I wouldn't report I told them: Survival."

Gibbons, a black nationalist with a high school education, who works for the post office, said: "If you don't believe in the war but you go into the army, that's being a coward. This war is inhuman, it's racist and I won't do the white man's murdering. I have someone right here at home to fight—the white man."

As they spoke, their apparent determination mixed with uncertainty about where it would carry them. The assertion that a racist American society was using black men to fight a racist war in Asia did not constitute a legal defense to the Selective Service Law. Mitchell's Nuremberg defense did not interest them much. Nor did the other white draft refusers. They saw that *Life* had managed to publish (December 9) a cover story on the draft, without once mentioning the peculiar Negro stake in it, and even renegades from what they considered this prevailing white mentality were not wanted as allies. Blackness melded them despite differences in education and family background. Gibbons' family was involved in civil rights, and his mother had written to the draft board saying she would rather see her son in jail than dead. Moore's parents were against his draft opposition, manifesting what he called a "working-class fear" of what could happen to him. Allen's father was a housing project superintendent in Atlanta, and a reporter got the impression the elder Allen did not approve of boat rocking.

The three had refused induction during the summer and Moore and Gibbons had been indicted. Why not Allen? Again, the selective quality of Selective Service prosecutions arose, and with it a suspicion that Allen's position as chairman might have made him "sensitive."

"In May, 1965, I wrote President Johnson explaining my moral opposition to Vietnam," Allen said. "He didn't reply but two weeks later my induction notice came. I refused to sign the subversive statement. A year later they told me I had been cleared anyhow."

"This summer I was between semesters at the New School and they told me again to report. I went down to Whitehall Street and gave out a statement saying I wasn't a pacifist but I couldn't join an army that didn't protect black citizens at home. The commanding officer there had been to Vietnam. He told me it was a terrible war but it had to be done, and that rather than go to jail, entering the army was the lesser of two evils."

Two months after the conversation in Allen's apartment, Oquendo was resolutely awaiting trial and prepared to go to prison. Allen remained unindicted and had already met with other black anti-draft groups to plan a national conference in Detroit in May. But Gibbons had pleaded guilty and would take advantage of President Johnson's recent "amnesty" permitting such offenders to enter the army rather than jail. Steve Moore had already been to court and his holiday determination had faltered while the jury was being empaneled. Moore agreed to induction. Why?

"Jail," he said. "To be perfectly honest, I decided out of weakness. I also thought I could do more damage inside the army, spreading the word. But mostly I just couldn't stand the thought of jail. I had spent one night there when they arrested me and that was enough."

Moore's case ended not with a bang but rejection. Army doctors found that an arthritic condition—which he says existed all along—made him unfit for service. From a militant black point of view, should he have made the supreme protest of going to prison? One Negro voice of experience has one answer.

David Bell left the federal Correctional Institute in Danbury two days before Christmas, after serving two

years for refusing to report for induction. He had entered jail without fanfare and left it unnoticed by the press, the general public or civil rights groups.

"My advice to black men is to fight the draft any way you can," says Bell. "But don't go to jail. Whatever you do, don't go to jail."

Bell, 24, was a National Merit Award winner from a Jersey City ghetto called "The Valley," who went to Rutgers University as a math major. But, like Gorky, his ultimate "university" was experience. He left school in 1963 to do field work, the field being southwest Georgia, and his sponsor SNCC. In June, 1964, when he received his induction notice, anti-draft sentiment threw a small shadow on the national landscape.

"It wasn't even prevailing SNCC philosophy then," Bell recalls. "But I knew I was not going to involve myself in that war where nonwhites were struggling for liberation. When I wrote my draft board explaining, I wasn't aware what a sacrifice it was going to be. Most people who haven't been to prison look on it as an honorable alternative to the draft. They don't know."

Six months after his June refusal, Bell quietly offered no defense to his indictment and received two years. He is a slender, articulate young man whose eyes are cautious when he talks to a white man, and who exudes suppressed anger when recalling the prison experience.

"Two weeks after I arrived I was asked by the captain if I were a Communist," he said. "I just chuckled at him."

Bell grants that the physical plant wasn't too oppressive and his initial treatment, at least, was correct. At first he lived in a dormitory with fifty others, a setting he describes as "chaotic." But he soon managed to get a single cell and was assigned to teach new math in prison classes. He learned the routine: Cells open at 6 A.M. Wash and eat. Work at eight. One hour noon lunch. Work until 4:30. An hour out in the yard or recreation house. Head count. Supper. Classes or movies at night. There was full integration, although Bell chose to segregate himself with other Negro prisoners in the life outside his cell. He chafed at censorship of mail and a prison library filled mostly with potboilers. He was not permitted to read proscribed books like *Manchild in the Promised Land*, *A Different Drummer* and the Malcolm X autobiography.

"But the biggest hang-up," Bell says, "was the realization that I was inside, where I couldn't do the things I should be doing about the draft or anything else. I found it hard to do sustained thinking because of the psychological atmosphere. I realized I should have taken another course. . . . I was just rotting there . . . it became a negative experience and my whole personality was taken apart."

Two white youths were serving time for draft evasion and there were fifteen Jehovah's Witnesses who, according to Bell, did a uniform one year apiece. But he had little to do with any of them. Bell began holding Saturday morning discussion sessions with a group of Negroes, including Muslims, a Nigerian and two men involved in the plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty. Bell does not explain precisely what form the discussions took. But it's safe to assume they did not foster the American *status quo*. Officials got wind of it, and when Bell refused

to provide a list of all who had attended he lost his privileges and time off for good behavior.

When Bell is asked the overall effect of his choice of prison over the army, his mental reaction is like a man gingerly feeling himself all over after a crack-up, trying to find what is broken and what remains whole.

"I came out stronger in concepts, I think, but weaker in ability. I still haven't recovered from being forced to submit, and I'm not sure if it inhibits my actions now. In prison nothing yields, nothing changes." His smile is rare, wry, at the question of his biggest problem on the outside. "It's waking up at six in the morning but not going to bed at ten at night."

Bell has plunged into work with a highly organized, militant ghetto group in Jersey City called STAND. The word is not an abbreviation but a call to Negroes to unite in economic and political blocs against dominant white interests.

"I haven't met anybody black of draft age ready to go to jail," says Bell. "If I did, I'd talk him out of it. No, I have no contacts with white refusers. I wouldn't know what to say to one, how to justify to them. I don't think there's time now for a white-black front on any issue. Some one of these days the summer riots won't stop in the fall and this might be the summer. . . ."

Bell is probably the first Negro to go to jail for refusing the draft on racial grounds. He will not be the last, nor will David Mitchell be the last white to forfeit freedom rather than abandon principle. What they will achieve, given the indifference of the general public and the Administration's mopping up of draft offenders, is doubtful. The spirit that animates many, however, is clearly expressed in the words of 20-year-old Tom Rodd of Pittsburgh, spoken to the judge who had sentenced him to a four-year term. Judge Louis Rosenberg had originally sentenced Rodd to five years for refusing to register, but placed him on probation with the proviso that he work for a social agency and take no part in public demonstrations. Rodd broke probation by picketing a plant that made helicopters for Vietnam. He said:

With a profound feeling of inadequacy and unworthiness, I am forced by my conscience to stand as a representative of the suffering millions of Vietnam. I am forced to stand for the girl child burned to death in Bien Hoa, for the refugee cold and hungry in a camp on the outskirts of Saigon, for the weary guerrilla fighter, for the Buddhist monk who is now a handful of ashes, for the thousands with no legs, thousands more with no eyes, yes, even for the U.S. Marine now slowly dying in a Philadelphia hospital.

I have tried, Lord knows, to obey this probation. I wanted to go to Selma and walk to Montgomery—but I didn't. I wanted to go to Washington and confront the President—but I didn't. I wanted to picket Girard College in Philadelphia—but I didn't. . . . But this war is too immediate, too pressing, too terrible, for me to have to say later: "But I didn't."

Last, I reiterate what anybody who knows me should know: that I am an incorrigible optimist, that I love life, and that I drink beer, play banjo, and daily toss my head and tap my feet to the romping, stomping all-pervading beat of human existence. That's all I wanted to say and I wish everybody a Happy New Year.

LATIN AMERICA BANS THE BOMB

LINDA EDER

Miss Eder, member of a Colombian-American family and recently a UN observer for The Nation, has written about Colombian women and Manhattan children.

Twenty-one nations of Latin America meeting in Mexico City last month displayed significant one-upmanship over the seventeen nations now conferring in Geneva on nuclear disarmament. The Treaty of Tlatelolco, signed on February 14, is the first pact to ban nuclear arms from an inhabited segment of the earth.

The nuclear powers took benevolent and perhaps patronizing notice of the Mexico City proceedings. They put considerable pressure behind their view that the treaty was to prohibit all nuclear explosions; Latin America could not even be "nuclearized for peace." Some of the most industrialized Latin American nations protested this ban, disliking both the deprivation and especially the attitude. In the end, a compromise was reached between danger and development: when Latin America wants to use atomic explosions to dig a canal, to build a tunnel, to enlarge a harbor, the work will be supplied from the outside.

On this basis, the Treaty to Ban Nuclear Weapons from Latin America was signed by fourteen nations, and on the following day by a fifteenth—well above the eleven agreed upon for passage. The treaty has been ignored, laughed off as a farce or charade, or denigrated by the press for falling short of watertight perfection. No one would claim that its conclusion guarantees salvation from world holocaust, but a significant first has been scored, a model set, and quite conceivably an impetus may have been given for regional action in other sections of the globe.

Attempts at regional agreement among nations to ban nuclear arms are hardly new. Poland's Rapacki Plan in 1958; Sweden's "non-nuclear club" idea, presented at the 16th UN General Assembly in 1961 with Ireland's endorsement; Ethiopia's dormant initiative to unite the African countries in a nuclear-free zone, resolved at a summit conference in May, 1963, all tried to enlist international pledges for the idea. But it remained for Alfonso García Robles, deputy foreign minister of Mexico, with the encouragement of his then President Adolfo López Mateos, to set forth at the United Nations in November, 1963, the plan that in the following year became the Preparatory Commission for the Denuclearization of Latin America (COPREDAL). This organization, launched with the joint blessing of the Presidents of Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Ecuador and of course Mexico, appears to have done its preliminary work quickly and efficiently, as such things go. A little more than two years from its inception, COPREDAL's purpose has been achieved.

The treaty, which was signed with ritual and solemnity in Mexico City, is binding upon twenty-one nations. It brings a considerable proportion of the earth's surface and approximately one-tenth of its population under a firm agreement whereby nuclear explosives are perpet-

ually excluded, and plans for a careful control system by the International Atomic Energy Agency (IAEA) are set up. This was no mean achievement. The participating countries, though to an extent similar in language and culture, are distinctly mixed in political concepts and quite unlike in degree of economic development. Yet they doggedly reached a common conclusion and departed the conference table with a signed treaty. (Cuba, it might be noted, failed to take any part in COPREDAL; it will hold aloof, it says, until the United States removes its installations from Panama, the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, as well as from Guantánamo. Otherwise, it believes in the principle of the pact.)

Much has been made of the Antarctica Treaty of 1959 and the recent agreement on the internationalization of outer space. But extensive as these two areas are, neither is ever likely to be inhabited by more than 250 million people. That is the significance of the Treaty of Tlatelolco.

Twenty-two observers from nonparticipating countries played a significant part in the outcome. The principal stumbling block to agreement, right up to the last week of meetings, was the determination on the part of some of the participants, among them Brazil and Argentina, to reserve to themselves the right to prepare and engage in nuclear explosions for peaceful uses. Such a proviso would have robbed the treaty of any real effectiveness. To quote a ranking U.S. nuclear physicist: "Nuclear devices used for peaceful purposes are in all respects also usable as weapons. . . . Any nation which develops nuclear explosives is at the same time developing bombs. . . . In fact, the Russians regard the U.S. program in this connection with great suspicion, since they maintain that it may well constitute a disguised weapon testing program." In the words of William Epstein, technical consultant for the UN, it would be possible to have a "peaceful nuclear device arms race." Reinhard Rainer, representing the IAEA, lent considerable weight to the effort to convince the recalcitrants that no meaningful distinction could be made between atomic explosives for peaceful and for belligerent purposes. And Fulton Freeman, U.S. Ambassador to Mexico, wielded no little influence in persuading the more technically advanced nations to forgo the use of their resources for development of such explosives.

This was an achievement, since Brazil, Argentina and Uruguay possess sizable nuclear reactors, and Mexico is in the process of building one. Colombia and Venezuela, and possibly other nations, have smaller ones. All these, of course, are categorized as research installations, but the IAEA considers that the first four, at least, have a capacity to produce plutonium large enough to require inspection.

The U.S. statement on the treaty says, with an abundance of caution: "It is our understanding of the text . . . [that it sanctions] carrying out of peaceful nuclear explosions by contracting parties themselves only if and when future advance in technology permits the develop-

ment of devices for peaceful explosions which are not susceptible of use for weapons purposes. The foregoing understanding of the effect of the treaty is fundamental to the United States Government's position concerning it." Peter Thacher, special adviser on disarmament and outer space to the U.S. Mission to the UN, endorses these views, and has added an ecumenical note to the effect that the treaty's ultimate value depends upon its enhancement of the total nonproliferation effort. For all that the United States casts itself somewhat in the role of an adult looking down upon children at play, there is an undeniable logic in its position.

The Tlatelolco Treaty (named for that section of Mexico City), which García Robles hopes will one day take its place beside Locarno and Dumbarton Oaks, is a regional pact. Whether, in due course, the African nations or the non-nuclear European countries conclude similar agreements is a matter for speculation. To judge by their earlier recorded stance, a number may so elect. But whether or not this example is followed beyond the Western Hemisphere, an accomplishment has been registered which commits a sizable portion of the human race, and its governments, to the premise that war is obsolete, and total war, totally so.

No treaty is consummated in a vacuum; its surroundings must have their effect upon its deliberations. Likewise, the individuality and character of the participants may play a role above and beyond that of the positions they take and the statements they read. The observer remembers the solid and courtly figure of UN Ambassador Leopoldo Benitez of Ecuador, pulling together the raveling threads of thought; and the pellucid and measured Spanish of Commission President García Robles who is rightfully called the father of the treaty; the truly Latin atmosphere, the cordial *abrazos* and handshakings, the endless rounds of coffee, Coca-Cola and whisky passed by silent waiters, the meetings starting a full hour or two behind schedule and occasionally continuing into the early hours of the morning. ("Why are they late today?—the working sessions have concluded." "They are busy with the denuclearization of Cuernavaca!"—this on a particularly beautiful weekend.)

Outside the conference building in the Plaza de las Tres Culturas, barefooted Indian boys dash up to preoccupied delegates with eager cries of "chicle, chicle!" and a bright-skirted mother, aburst with child in her young years, toys with her hip-length jet braids. The high-rise glass and steel of the Foreign Ministry and a red, white and black vocational school are grouped with the yellow brick church of the Conquistadores and the ancient pyramidal Aztec ruins, a monument to both Mexico's modern dynamism and her prideful past.

In the midst of this scene a plaque commemorating Cuauhtemoc, the last of the Aztec kings, who fell defending Tlatelolco against the power of Cortés, is inscribed: "No fué triunfo ni derrota . . ."—"It was neither a triumph nor a defeat" but the painful birth of the mixed people who are the Mexico of today.

And so with the treaty, negotiated and signed on the same spot four and a half centuries later: it was neither a triumph nor a defeat but a painful birth.

LETTERS (Continued from page 354)

deliberately sets out to kill civilians in the course of trying to damage its selected targets. In this context, the modern bomber is a terror weapon . . . against a civilian population. . . .

The inevitable conclusion is this: like other forms of warfare against civilians, chemical and biological, nuclear weaponry, the bomber . . . should be abolished, either by treaty, convention, or unspoken acknowledgments. For the sake of humanity, in the course of doing away with war altogether, the use of the bomber should be forbidden. We can take the first step in this direction by stopping the bombing in Vietnam; the second step would be a big-power agreement abolishing the bomber, eradicating the air forces of the world. For as was shown in World War II, as is being shown today in Vietnam, the use of the bomber is . . . simply murder. . . . Philip Siekevitz

correction

John Hatch, whose "Rhodesia: Sanctions on Trial" appeared in the issue of Feb. 6, has asked *The Nation* to explain that the Inter-University African Studies Program, of which he is director, is sponsored by four universities. This year, Mr. Hatch is based at Texas Southern University.

at sea

Tampa, Fla.

DEAR SIR: When Dorian J. Fliegel asserts in "Head-quarters vs. the Men at Sea" [*The Nation*, Jan. 30] . . . that the National Maritime Union is not democratically run, he does not know what democracy is. As a retired member of the NMU, and now back in it again, I can state that at no time, in any meeting, did I see anybody denied his right to speak up. Meetings are held not only on shore but mandatory on the ships, and a new chairman is elected at every one. . . . As for patrolmen being selected, rather than being elected, that provided intelligent knowledge of the contracts necessary to discuss problems with the captains of ships who also know the contracts inside out. . . .

Louis Fritze

no time for matzohs

New York City

DEAR SIR: I have just read Desmond Smith's article, "Filming the New Revolution" [*The Nation*, Feb. 27]. What amused me was his reference to the Hadassah leaders, who apparently were in the Soviet Union while Mr. Smith was there. For the sake of accuracy, I should like to make the following observations: I led the Hadassah group to the USSR. We did wear our Hadassah pins, but without name plates. There was no Mrs. Shapiro among us. And no member of our group had blue hair.

As for the matzohs, we had none. You see, matzohs are eaten during the Passover, which comes in the spring. We were there in the fall—during the Succoth holiday. Additionally, the Soviet Government would probably not permit anyone to bring matzohs into the USSR. . . . But Hadassah appreciates the plug anyway.

Mrs. Mortimer Jacobson
National President, Hadassah

Michael Gold

DEAR SIR: For assistance in the preparation and editing of the memoirs of Michael Gold (Irving Granich), American radical writer, critic and publicist, I would appreciate letters, documents and personal reminiscences. I am particularly interested in learning of extant issues of *The Flame*, which Gold edited with Van Allison (Boston, 1916), and scripts of Gold's plays, *Down the Airshaft* and *Ivan's Homecoming*, produced at the Provincetown Playhouse in 1917.

Michael Brewster Folsom
1416 Grant, Berkeley, Calif. 94703

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Of Guilt and Resurrection

FRIENDSHIP AND FRATRICIDE: An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss. By Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D. Viking Press. 476 pp. \$8.95.

DAVID CORT

Mr. Cort, a frequent Nation contributor, was a fellow student and colleague of Whittaker Chambers at Columbia University and Time, Inc.

Was the distinguished Alger Hiss of 1948 actually a marvelously masked Communist agent? Or was his accuser, Whittaker Chambers, a marvelously masked liar? The two characters in the famous "confrontation" interested a San Francisco psychoanalyst, and he spent six years attempting to check out both men on every retrievable detail of their lives. The great design that slowly unfolded was, in sum, the grandest swindle since the Piltdown man. Chambers had been a walking swindle from childhood on; the researcher could find no falsities in the life story of Hiss. Hiss was not Chambers' only victim by the same technique; he was simply his masterpiece.

To review Dr. Zeligs' book as a little exercise in psychiatric techniques, as has been done by others, is a pedantic enormity—something like reviewing *Othello* without Iago. It would be easy to find fault with it as literary psychoanalysis; but it is as a compilation of significant data about Chambers and Hiss that the book is important. The Chambers-Hiss case rested above all on the question of the relative honesty and integrity of the two men involved. Dr. Zeligs' facts are so shocking, so consistent, convincing and well documented as to make the psychiatry a mere distraction. The facts are of urgent interest to the American people, and have political implications of some importance. We are also given an insight into two wildly contrasting and fully drawn human beings in a plot on the edge of melodrama.

I do not blame anyone for refusing to believe that there could be such a person as the "Whittaker Chambers" Zeligs describes; the character is completely improbable. From personal knowledge, I must testify that exactly such a character did exist indeed. I also knew many of the people who believed in him.

Nor is it a count against Dr. Zeligs' work that he does not destroy the whole

case against Hiss; what he set out to do was examine Chambers' contribution to it. In doing so, the facts he unearths demolish great portions of the case against Hiss.

Meyer Zeligs starts with Chambers' early life. His parents were two irreligious bourgeois, both socially mobile downward, both artistically pretentious (a big thing before World War I), neither capable of sustaining a good marriage. Out of this situation Chambers evolved his own demure fury.

Zeligs' key thesis is that Whittaker Chambers somehow conspired in his younger (and more attractive) brother's suicide, possibly because of a homosexual, incestuous relationship, and thus inaugurated a life pattern of death, guilt, resurrection. One need not accept this thesis, though it is important to Zeligs. The facts remain. Zeligs is not a prosecutor; the most telling exposures are often dropped into footnotes.

According to Chambers, he was born weighing 12 pounds and measuring 14 inches at the shoulders, in Philadelphia on April 1, 1901, in a blizzard (the record shows no precipitation of any kind on that lamentable April Fool's Day). He was christened Jay Vivian Chambers, but this identity did not suit him any more than the actual facts of his birth. He began using invented names such as Charles Adams (at 18), Charles Whittaker (at 19), Whittaker Chambers (19), John Kelly (21), and later Jay David Chambers, David Breen, George Cantwell, Lloyd Cantwell, Carl, George Crosley, David Dwyer, John Land—certainly an incomplete roster.

He had an early compulsion toward atrocity. As class prophet at his class graduation, he predicted that a nice girl would turn prostitute. He exited from Columbia, following publication in the campus bushy-tailed magazine of a sacrilegious playlet placed outside Christ's Sepulchre. He told professors he had syphilis. He somehow maintained a mouthful of appalling teeth, as if asking to be loved *in spite of*. His elusive charm was that of one asking for a blanket pardon, for past, present and future. Most people instinctively refused it.

His lies followed psychic patterns which Zeligs tries to define. Let us limit this bottomless subject only to his rela-

tions with Alger Hiss. The items below are distinguished as L (Lie) and F (Fact).

(L) The Hisses visited Chambers at Maxim Lieber's house on the Delaware River. (F) Lieber never saw or heard of the Hisses. (L) Hiss abominated Shakespeare. (F) Mr. and Mrs. Hiss read Shakespeare to each other at night. (L) Hiss had a total contempt for F. D. Roosevelt. (F) Hiss totally loved Roosevelt. (Aside: it was Chambers in both roles of Communist and anti-Communist who loathed Roosevelt.) (L) The Hiss lawyers impertinently called his suicide brother "Dickie." (F) They didn't. Chambers did. (L) Mrs. Hiss was "a birthright Quaker." (F) She was a Presbyterian. (L) Hiss's house was white with green shutters. (F) It was bright yellow with vivid blue shutters. A long time later it was painted as Chambers "remembered" it. (L) Chambers was put up in an upstairs bedroom. (F) There was no upstairs spare bedroom. (L) No piano. (F) Piano. And so on, interminably.

Powerful men and august bodies in this nation received these sleazy lies as significant political truth, at a time when such cobwebs nearly destroyed the American society. For Chambers' enemy was never communism; it was American democracy, you and me. He managed to set America to the task of its own destruction.

The terrible thought is that with Chambers' recipe anybody can ruin anybody else, if he will prepare ahead, and wait. It is of the utmost significance that Chambers did not seek an actual Communist as his prime victim, for there were plenty available. He wanted to bring down the whole structure of democracy. And Hiss had the democratic weaknesses of courtesy and responsibility.

If Chambers had been a simple madman, there would be no problem. But he was a master mountebank. He quickly picked up the style, tone and jargon of almost any role: conspirator, executive, assassin, poet, littérateur, genius, savior, and might have made an impressive magnate or general or judge, for a short time. For inside the imposture was a hollow man with sound effects. All the people who admired, loved, feared, or even just believed him

were pitifully hoaxed. Just to know him was at best an indiscretion.

Chambers personified a rollicking satire on a wide variety of things: great men, philosophy, history, facts, *Time* Magazine, politics, propaganda, religion, communism, espionage, power, conservatism, conscience, friendship, etc.

Yet men of affairs, in government, the press, letters, the FBI, believed in him and staked their careers on him—men like William Buckley of the *National Review*, and J. Edgar Hoover. They accepted the cant, the bold front, the false credentials, as the genuine article. Well, it is now time to pick up the stakes.

Richard Nixon owes his career largely to Chambers. A typical Chambers letter to Nixon: "I do not believe for a moment that because you have been cruelly checked in the employment of what is best in you . . . that that check is final. Great character always precludes a sense of comedown."

The late Henry R. Luce was willingly deceived by Chambers for nine years. Chambers wrote Luce: "Your speech is a simple, authentic testimony of the spirit. . . . It is a voice with which I have seldom been privileged to hear you speak, and it moves me deeply. I may not intrude upon it. . . . It proceeds from the spirit, and the mode of the Christian spirit is simplicity. God bless you, Harry. Whittaker." Anyone who could toss off such rarefied sycophancy, couched as hero worship, had to go far. What a pity that Luce bought this from a *farceur*. He deserved better.

Of another kind was Mark Van Doren for whose infinite kindness to Chambers came a letter after the difficulties of his son Charles, enclosing a note to Charles: "You will never get over this. The world will never leave you alone until you die." Instead of a condolence, a terrible curse, and ungrammatical. Chambers' letters to Van Doren are masterpieces of seemingly profound intellectual narcissism, a quality that English professors tend to confuse with genius.

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One Chambers friend who was not deceived was Lionel Trilling who put into his novel, *The Middle of the Journey*, a Chambers-based character, a paranoiac constantly looking for a "new existence," who finally attacks his best friend. Nevertheless, Trilling was impressed by Chambers.

My disdain of Chambers, at Columbia and then at Time, Inc., was always instinctive, that he was a repellent actor. But I seem to have been nearly alone in that company.

The Lady Vanished

THE SEARCH FOR AMELIA EARHART. By Fred Goerner. Doubleday & Company. 326 pp. \$5.95.

CARL DREHER

The dust jacket contains a bit of overselling: "What happened to Amelia Earhart? The answers are here." In any conclusive sense, the answers are not here. Some of the purported answers are old stuff and some are what a learned judge called "exsufflicate and blown surmises." But in general Goerner stays within the bounds of probability and is candid with the reader. He has broken considerable new ground and gone over old ground more thoroughly than earlier detectives. Most important, his six-year investigation puts both the Japanese and American Governments under suspicion of hiding the truth, long after considerations of national security had ceased to exist. A more flagrant case of bureaucratic obstruction, principally on the part of the U.S. armed services, would be difficult to find. Of equal interest with the earlier events is Goerner's stumbling on a major Central Intelligence Agency operation while he was struggling to penetrate the curtain of official secrecy surrounding the Earhart case. This find is as illuminating as the revelations bearing on the case itself.

Goerner, a C.B.S. radio reporter in San Francisco, believes "unqualifiedly" that Miss Earhart and her navigator, Frederick J. Noonan, were engaged on a semi-official spy mission for the United States Government when they disappeared in the Pacific in 1937. Ostensibly, they were on a publicity-seeking flight around the world, from west to east. After they reached Lae, New Guinea, they were to fly to American-controlled Howland Island. The indications are that they flew over the Truk Island complex in the Japanese-

Dr. Zeligs has started something. His book, embodying material beyond the daring of the wildest novelist, will be followed by others. Alger Hiss must certainly be vindicated. The wreckage of other reputations is inevitable. And Chambers, with that cute dimpled chuckle and the sly, friendly gleam, is laughing in the grave at his "friends," the priceless butts who believed in him.

And so at last some day we can shorten the great Roman stricture to "*dé mortuis, nil.*"

held Central Carolines. Truk was the Japanese equivalent of Pearl Harbor, on a smaller scale, but a major naval and air base which was a primary objective of U.S. intelligence at the time.

Goerner's supposition is that Earhart and Noonan lost their way, crash-landed in the Japanese Marshall Islands, and died while in the hands of the Japanese. The Japanese militarists clearly could not tolerate such intrusions. For they had begun the conquest of China and army extremists had assassinated high officials of the Hirohito regime in preparation for war with the United States, which they initiated four years later with the expertly planned and executed attack on Pearl Harbor.

The evidence Goerner has collected supports his hypotheses, but proof is lacking and may never be supplied. Powerful forces continue to exert pressure for secrecy. Next to Lindbergh, Amelia Earhart was the most famous of the U.S. aviation pioneers of the twenties and thirties. She was the incarnation of feminine emancipation without loss of feminine charm. An admission that the U.S. Government had allowed this national heroine to embark on a mission so perilous would, even today, shock millions of Americans—unjustifiably, in my estimation; but in such matters sentiment is stronger than military logic. For their part, the Japanese would rather not have the world know that they secretly executed a woman so admired in all nations, including Japan. The fact that we and the Japanese are now allies tends to make the two governments cooperate in covering up incidents that might reflect discredit on either.

World War I had scarcely begun when Japanese warships seized the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands from Germany. After the war the islands

were mandated to Japan by the League of Nations with the stipulation that no military or naval bases or fortifications were to be established. The Japanese ignored the prohibition, and in the twenties attempts were made by U.S. agents to find out how far the violations had gone.

In 1935, Japan cut off questions regarding violations of the terms of her mandate by withdrawing from the League of Nations. The assassinations followed in February, 1936. President Franklin D. Roosevelt and his military advisers were justifiably alarmed and the Earhart mission may well have been connected with their apprehensions. An airfield was constructed by Presidential order on Howland Island to enable her to refuel. Besides the reconnaissance aspects, the Army Air Corps had the four-engine B-17 bomber in a late stage of development and was eager to prove the feasibility of trans-Pacific flying by land-based aircraft. Military and commercial interests were intertwined. William Thomas Miller, then superintendent of airways of the Bureau of Air Commerce, and a key figure in the development of Pacific aviation, was associated with Miss Earhart in the preparations for the Pacific crossing. Fred Noonan had been employed by Pan American as a pilot, navigator and instructor.

According to the publicity releases, the Earhart aircraft was a modified ten-passenger, two-engine Lockheed Electra airliner with a fuel capacity of 1,200 gallons and a possible range of 4,500 miles. The engines were said to be Pratt & Whitney 550-horsepower Wasps, which would give the Electra a top speed of 150 mph. Actually, it seems they were a more powerful military type, good for a cruising speed of 200 mph and a top speed of 220 mph, capable of outrunning the average fighter plane. On the first part of the world-girdling trip the point-to-point speed was held down to 150 mph. Flying at 200 mph, the Electra could detour to Truk and make Howland not too far from the scheduled arrival time.

The flight left Lae at 12:30 P.M. on July 1, Howland time and date (July 2 at Lae). On the great-circle track Howland was 2,556 miles distant. The island is 2 miles long and half a mile wide—not an easy target. The Coast Guard cutter *Itasca* was stationed at Howland to serve as Earhart's homing vessel. Everything depended on radio, and the radio situation can be described in a single word: confusion. To make the situation more difficult, if she was flying via Truk she had to maintain radio

silence over much of the route for fear Japanese direction finders would get a fix on her.

The Navy conducted a search operation which covered 262,000 square miles of ocean, and cost (in 1937 value) about \$4 million. But it left much to be desired. The battleship *Colorado* was dispatched from Honolulu, some 1,700 miles distant, and twelve other surface vessels took part. The aircraft carrier *Lexington* was at Santa Barbara preparing for 4th of July visitors. On the night of July 3, she was ordered to proceed to the Howland area. Her aircraft were not launched until July 13, eleven days after Earhart and Noonan had vanished. The *Lex* searched for five days and found nothing.

Aside from the matter of engine power, the military use of the mandated islands by the Japanese, and the American interest in that use, plus the fact that President Roosevelt had an airfield built especially for Miss Earhart, Goerner presents little solid evidence that the two were on a spy mission. This conclusion is most strongly substantiated by the evasions and buck passing Goerner encountered in his investigation, and by some odds and ends that were turned up. In the thirties, as now, the Navy made a practice of entertaining influential civilians aboard naval vessels. President M. L. Brittain of the Georgia Institute of Technology was a cruise guest on the *Colorado* when she was ordered to join in the search for the missing pair.

Brittain, writing in the April 13, 1943, issue of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, said that there had been much discussion on the ship of the possibility that the "Japs" were illegally fortifying some of the Marshall Islands, and: "We got a very definite feeling that AE had some sort of understanding with officials of the government that the last part of her flight around the world would be over those Japanese Islands." As in the case of many other possible witnesses, Brittain was dead by the time Goerner began his project.

With financial and organizational support by the Columbia Broadcasting System, the Scripps League newspapers and the Associated Press, Goerner made four trips to the Pacific and did a formidable amount of research there and in the U.S. He interviewed many natives on Saipan and obtained quite convincing evidence that a man and woman, resembling Noonan and Earhart, had been brought to the island, where the Japanese had a headquarters, in 1937. Some of the evidence was firsthand, some was

hearsay, but cumulative in effect. And some was contradictory or dubious.

Rear Adm. Richard B. Black, who as an employee of the Interior Department had brought a Navy direction finder to the *Itasca* in 1937, told Goerner in 1964: "I've thought for years that there was a great deal more to Amelia's disappearance than simply missing Howland and going into the drink." Still more apposite is the cooperation of Fleet Adm. Chester W. Nimitz, who gave Goerner unstinting support. At one point Nimitz, as quoted by Goerner, said: "I want to tell you Earhart and her navigator did go down in the Marshalls and were picked up by the Japanese." He referred Goerner to Marine Corps Gen. Harry Schmidt, who commanded the 4th Marine Division at Kwajalein and Saipan and was commander of all ground forces at Tinian Island, from which the B-29 *Enola Gay* took off for Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. Schmidt, after agreeing to talk if Goerner would visit him at San Diego, said he was sorry, but he could not help. Goerner put Nimitz on the telephone. Schmidt said, "I can't, Chester. I can't help them." At their next meeting, Nimitz told Goerner: "The Marine Corps is covering up for something or someone. Per-

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haps the State Department blocked it. The door is being closed on you for some reason."

Official obstruction abounds in Goerner's story. Here is part of a conversation between a C.B.S. vice president and a captain in the office of Adm. Daniel F. Smith, Jr., chief of naval information. The C.B.S. man telephoned to ask what was holding up permission for Goerner to visit Saipan a second time:

Captain: I'm afraid, Mr. Dundes, the permission has been denied.

Dundes: Why?

Captain: I'm sorry. I can't tell you that.

Dundes: Well, does it concern national security?

Captain: It does concern security.

Dundes: Does it concern Amelia Earhart?

Captain: No, I don't believe it does.

Dundes: Has the Navy followed up any of the leads produced by the C.B.S. expedition last year?

Captain: I'm afraid I'm not at liberty

to say, Mr. Dundes.

This cat-and-mouse game went on all the time between Goerner and his sponsors and the U.S. Government. In the early part of the Navy's relations with Goerner there was some reason for reticence on the former's part. On Saipan the Navy was fronting for the CIA,

which had made a \$30 million installation on a restricted area of the island for training Nationalist Chinese spies to operate on the mainland. Formosa was not a suitable training area for this purpose, if only because the Communists had agents there. Saipan could be made secure. The well-trained spy was one who "would speak the language fluently, survive every menace, and accomplish any of a thousand assignments. He might slip through the barbed wire to North Korea, reach mainland China by air drop, infiltrate secretly from Hong Kong or Macao, or sail the tricky currents of the 100-mile-wide Formosa Strait in a junk. His most important mission would be establishment of a communications and espionage network for disseminating propaganda and discontent and relaying intelligence information." Between 6,000 and 7,000 such "guerrilla-spies" were trained at the Saipan school between the Korean War and 1961.

Goerner, just a radio newsman who had got himself immersed in a hot story, but personally a standard patriot, found himself wondering whether our violation of a UN trusteeship by the use of Saipan for training spies was any different from the Japanese violation of their League of Nations trusteeship with military installations. After a brief struggle of conscience, he concluded that since we had been doing our dirty work under three Presidents—Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy—it must be regarded as necessary for national survival.

On Saipan the CIA faculty and administrators lived with their families in an American-style town, complete with night clubs, bowling alleys, libraries, swimming pools, sports facilities, schools

and air-conditioned homes and offices, none of which they shared with the natives. Goerner finally got to see this plush layout, but until the CIA believed in his reliability, he had a rough time.

In the war crimes trials of 1946 and 1947, the United States accepted Japanese contentions that the airfields and bases in the mandated islands had been used for cultural purposes and for aiding fishermen to locate schools of fish. It would appear that even while the United States was prosecuting (and hanging) Japanese militarists, it was acquiescing in Japanese denials of responsibility which were known to be false by both the prosecution and defense. One expects duplicity in the actions of governments, but it is doubtful whether it ever has been carried further than in the forging of the Japanese-American entente against Red China and the Soviet Union.

Strategic duplicity was reflected tactically in the attitude of the State Department, the Navy and the Marine Corps. Except for Nimitz and a few others, Goerner was subjected to a series of acts of obstruction, evasion, concealment of records, broken appointments, surveillance and other devices of the bureaucratic run-around.

Except for a faintly soap-opera quality in some of his reproductions of conversations, Goerner writes well enough for the purposes of the book. His is an honest effort to tell a story which at one time might have aroused popular indignation, but which now suffers from the competition of an overabundance of material in that line. Doubleday has mounted the book handsomely, with excellent photographs of the participants, but a bibliography is lacking, and the index is limited to names of persons.

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*Among them a landlord to GI's and their concubines, a politically-active pediatrician, a peasant woman, a Buddhist monk, and soldiers from both sides.



Farming the Tundra

DIVISION STREET: AMERICA. By Studs Terkel. Pantheon Books. 381 pp. \$5.95.

RICHARD STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist who has most recently edited Honey and Wax (University of Chicago Press).

The gentle, rapid, cigar-chewing little radio man Chicagoans call "Studs" has drawn seventy "noncelebrated" fellow citizens into the sort of self-revelation that until very recently could be heard only from the mouths of poets. For most of history, the ordinary man's interior was a tundra of silence. In our century,

popular analysis enables every man to see himself as a complex and fluent character. Who knows if this isn't the noblest expression of modern opulence. Or the second noblest, for in the past few years, something else has happened: self-awareness has become self-revelation. Sympathetic men with tape recorders have revealed the extraordinary ordinary man as sage and poet. And the poetry and wisdom of the endless tundra are systematically farmed and then gathered into marvelous collections like *Division Street: America*.

We come to "know" the people in Terkel's book—or in Danilo Dolci's and Oscar Lewis' books—as we do those in

novels, in histories or in our lives, through appropriate and differing conventions of knowledge. The conventions of tape-recorded autobiography include such props to the guided monologues as self-pretense and disguise, as well as the monologist's sense of his own typicality and how far the occasion and the interviewer allow him to depart from it.

In *Division Street*, none of Terkel's people, no matter how violent or asocial, come within miles of saying what Joyce has the mild Bloom say to himself, let alone what Dostoevski has Peter Verhovenski say to Stavrogin. And naturally, none of these remarkable Chicagoans approaches the enchanted complex of even a good minor character in a good novel. A meal in Laperouse is one thing, a roadside apple is another; both delight.

Is *Division Street* more than a pile of good human apples? Is it, in other words, a real book? Once again, this is too large-holed a net for the fish. A book like this has little to do with build-up, careful collision, *scenes-à-faire*, brilliant climaxes, a coherence whose every line reveals a single mind. It is, though, a carefully arranged collection of selected and well-edited materials. The old, the middle-aged, the young, rich, poor, Negro, Mexican, Wasp; the broken and those who break them; city strays, John Birch cabbies, brilliant Negro businessmen; gentle Irish police and gentle victims of brutal police; teachers who save and teachers who ruin—all pour out their witness to the workings of the city, the death of neighborhoods, the threat and promise of machinery, the war, the mayor, God, buying and selling, delivering, conning, dropping out, rescuing.

Without dominating opinion into coherence, Terkel exhibits a great spectrum of distinctions. If no Chaucer, he is at least a good Harry Bailey. Social scientists will be able to organize this book's materials in numerous ways; thus, though a book itself, it is, in addition, a source for more familiar sorts of books.

The book is a treasury, not a ledger, and the treasury is of articulate human energy engaged with concrete experience. No matter where Terkel's people stand on the scale of usefulness, narcissism, triumph, defeat or despair, if they have expressive power, they triumph here.

The book is dedicated to three Chicagoans who made beautiful, useful constructions out of contemporary, local materials: Ring Lardner, Louis Sullivan and

Jane Addams. The heroes of this book are those who construct their lives or opinions with power. A miserable, self-serving lout outlasts the effective, self-denying bore. It is the masters of the concrete who survive in what the Indian, Benny Bearskin, calls here the abstraction of the city. Terkel is on the side of those who love outside their own skin, but he is an honorable host and lets his guests have equal say:

Each of the subjects is, I feel, uniquely himself. Whether he is an archetypal American figure, reflecting thought and condition over and beyond himself, is for the reader to judge, calling upon his own experience, observations, and an occasional look in the mirror.

Wrote Augustine about only one archetype: "Do I then measure, O my God, and know not what I measure?" Here are some of Terkel's "subjects," taking their own and the world's measure: Kid Pharoah, 37, who is found in front of the hot dog stand he owns:

A guy goes to school, what does he want to be? A doctor? A lawyer? These are the two biggest thieves in our society. One steals legitimate, the other kills legitimate. . . . Guys like me they want to put in jail. Because I'm dedicated to one principle: taking money away from unqualified dilettantes who earn it through nepotism. I work at this and I'm good at my trade. I don't labor. Outside of being a prize-fighter, I took an oath to God I would never again labor. But there's a million people on the street that want to be taken and should be taken, and they're gonna be taken.

Sister Evelyn, 26, a Glenmary nun who works with Appalachians on the near north side:

We are not married. Is this simply an attempt to avoid the pain and ambiguity of a sustained human relationship? If so, this is a travesty of what it means to be a Christian. A Christian must be involved in sustained human relationships, because this is where Christ is found.

Lucy Jefferson, 52, who isn't going to raise her children "on Aid" because she "just don't like doles":

They call you by the first name, the students, everybody. You see, this was the policy to keep the Negro in his place. But I happened to be the kind of Negro that became controversial, because I read such things as the *American Dilemma* and I walk around with the book in my hand, see? I defied them in so many ways. I almost terrified 'em. . . . Let's face it. What counts is knowledge. And feeling. You see, there's such a thing as a feeling tone. One is friendly and one is hostile. And if you don't have

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this, baby, you've had it. You're dead.

Phil Eagle, 55, who built up a large business with his wife; then, after eighteen good years, got sick and was told by her to get out and sell newspapers:

When she suggested I be eliminated, it gave me incentive. The medical profession credits my hundred per cent recovery to my will power. I latched onto an idea. The idea is contained in the book, F-O-L-K, *Folk Medicine*. The book is almost a hundred per cent concerned with apple cider and vinegar and honey and water and eating fish. And using Lugol. L-U-G-O-L. A solution which can be bought for pennies, enough to last for a year. . . . Which everybody should have a drop or two drops a week. Following this book and changing my diet eliminating sugar from my life and pop and orange juice, I recovered my health. That's one of the things that helped break up my home. . . . The only

thing between her and all this wealth is my heartbeat.

Charlie Landesfahr, 34, a copy chief:

It takes a great deal of con to sound honest in this world.

An ex-American Nazi in jail for defaming a Negro celebrity:

To me, one of the most beautiful things in the world is an oriental rug or a flower. They're the epitome of whatever they are, the peak. I don't mean something should be perfect. I wouldn't want anything to be perfect. I like that one little flaw. . . . It's the opposite of the order I was lookin' for. It's the human touch.

Again and again, the life heart is shown by such indirection; again and again one's expectations are cracked by human energy. The energy composed itself into brilliant portraits, and the book is a gallery of these portraits of the extraordinary ordinary.

Equally moving is the account of Ornette Coleman's early years in Texas and Los Angeles. The trials Coleman faced in his adolescence and young adulthood are described in a narrative studded with views of Coleman honking on his saxophone in backwater Texas gut buckets where "guys got cut up" or killed. "There I was," Coleman says, "sitting up in this place in my tuxedo, crying my heart out thinking that the music I was playing was causing these people to cut each other up."

Coleman has learned since not to blame his music for the violence and desperation he witnessed so often in the formative years of his career. But this enlightenment came not from the advantages of an education but from an eccentric individualism that isolated him from his background and brought him into the company of the hip, the wise and the rebellious. Without the benefit of a sophisticated understanding of musical innovation and revolt, Coleman bungled onto a radical jazz style like a wanderer groping his way out of a desert.

Playing It by Ear

FOUR LIVES IN THE BEBOP BUSINESS. By A. B. Spellman. Pantheon Books. 241 pp. \$4.95.

BENNETT KREMEN

Mr. Kremen is a free-lance writer and an associate editor of Holiday magazine. He was both a teacher and social worker in East Harlem.

An author relying on taped interviews to assemble a book can easily use that technique as a dodge: the machine does the work, and the author becomes an editor. But in the hand of jazz critic and poet A. B. Spellman, the recording microphone acted like a literary Geiger counter, picking up what is vital in the lives of the four jazz musicians whose biographies make up *Four Lives in the Bebop Business*. When Ornette Coleman, Herbie Nichols, Jackie McLean and Cecil Taylor speak of themselves as artists or Negroes, the subjectivity and straightforwardness of their statements indicate that the tapes used by Spellman captured what was most important in their consciousness. But Spellman didn't avoid committing himself to the art of writing as well; large sections of his book are taken up with his own interpretations, explanations and comments.

And most often what is chronicled or analyzed by the author or those who speak in his book are the many adversities an artist must face if he chooses

to express himself in jazz. Herbie Nichols and Jackie McLean suffered most from the damaging aspects of the Negro hipster revolt against white hostility or from the whims of artistic recognition. Nichols, a humble, skillful pianist, struggled mainly with the latter; at the age of 44, he died the tragic artist's death—penniless and unrecognized. While he lived, much of Nichols' energy went into a hassle to earn his keep. And all that's left of his musical efforts are notations of discontinued LPs listed in a catalogue.

McLean's story is a mixture of success and horror, frequent ingredients of an art that was born in slums, whorehouses and honky-tonks, yet has imprinted itself stunningly on the musical culture of the world. As an adolescent prodigy in the early, vigorous days of bebop, McLean was respected by the musicians he admired. And when he stood reverentially at Bud Powell's elbow with his saxophone learning the lore of bebop, and when Charlie Parker invited him up to the bandstand at Birdland, McLean was a serious artist and knew it. But the example of his hipster musical heroes and the rebellion bred in McLean by his Harlem life hooked him on drugs and sent him to jail. How he shook the habit, left prison and resumed his career without the aid of the cabaret license taken from him at his arrest reads like a heroic tale with the added sting of reality.

Contrasting with Coleman's Texas background is the middle-class experience of pianist Cecil Taylor. This musician, whose highly evolved sense of experimentation makes him a major figure in the "new jazz," grew up in comfortable Corona, Long Island, where "there were very few Negroes." Taylor, early in his jazz career, already knew what it meant to be a part of a musical *avant-garde*; for he'd been trained at the New England Conservatory and had studied the effects of Stravinsky and Schoenberg on the music that followed them. What Taylor had to weave into his own music was Harlem, and the training he'd received preparing him for long-hair concert halls had to be shed. This dichotomy in Taylor's music adds complexity to it, but also, at times, isolated him from his fellow jazz musicians. However, when Taylor complains of the alienation and deprivation he's suffered for daring to be different in his music, a prima donna's lament sometimes can be detected.

These days when we read in the society pages of the activities of such former outcasts from tradition as Salvador Dali, Thelonious Monk, Norman Mailer, Igor Stravinsky or James Baldwin, the myth of the cruelly languishing creative genius subjected to rejection and hostility dissolves into an absurd fairy tale. Odd-ball painters, poets or musicians are no longer ignored because they dare to be different; rather, they're sought out in a frenzy as an antidote for boredom or as saviors from despair.

And neither Cecil Taylor nor Ornette Coleman is a stranger to this "cult of personality" in our current underground, an underground with no place to hide now that the mass media search there hungrily for madmen and adventurers. But despite their well-publicized position as leaders of new departures in jazz, Coleman and Taylor complain in Spellman's book that they are neither rich nor treated as serious artists should be treated.

No one can deny that these musicians, because they are black Americans, suffer both open and subtle abuse on the streets of their own country. But one can question the notion of injustice that makes Ornette Coleman turn down large fees because they're not equal to those received by more popular night-club performers: imagine a pouting Charlie Parker holding out for cash amounts like those received by Guy Lombardo! There was a time when *avant-garde* artists, white or black, knew that the price they paid for self-assertion was poverty. At least Coleman, who doesn't lack a following for his highly personal music, is in the fortunate position of being able to choose not to accept this indignity.

Taylor also complains of a lack of opportunities for work because commercial manipulators and Mafia-controlled jazz clubs find his music too pure to handle to advantage. But some who know the jazz scene well hear of Taylor's turning down jobs and offers of aid because they don't suit the specifications of "potentially the most important musician in the Western world," as he is described more than once in Spellman's book. Regardless of whether or not this evaluation is ludicrous, it might be worth Taylor's while to consider the hardships suffered by Herbie Nichols, that large but ignored talent, or by such giants as Bartók, Charlie Parker and the deaf, impoverished Beethoven. Even if the gates of glory are swinging open only slowly for Taylor, at least his music is sought after by a devoted audience, while a bevy of admiring jazz critics continually praise it.

Unfortunately, Spellman's uncritical acceptance of Taylor and Coleman's often temperamental and highly subjective viewpoint makes the author sound at times like a pamphleteer for a new but confused jazz: he seems shockingly so when he concurs with Taylor's amazement and naive conjectures on why the esoteric, highly complex music Taylor plays brought the composer a punch in the mouth rather than a standing ovation in a no-nonsense Bedford-Stuyvesant

jazz bar. Taylor says of that incident and Spellman agrees: "My experience up in Brooklyn, in a ghetto community, was not the result of the fact that the music wasn't getting to them, but that the night manager was a black man who had an interest in keeping the music from getting to the community because he was committed to a certain camp in the community." Where people with traditional musical tastes gather—a Mott Street tavern, a Las Vegas night club, a Bedford-Stuyvesant jazz bar—someone sincerely singing Schoenberg or playing the piano like Taylor doesn't need

the agitation of a bar's manager to elicit violence from the patrons.

When Spellman traces the development of the musicians he writes about without too close an involvement in their viewpoint, he offers an engrossing, impressionistic history of contemporary jazz; it illustrates graphically and in detail the hardships of jazz men whose talents are used in saloons to keep booze pouring. And then Spellman never lets us forget that no matter how brilliantly these musicians perform, they're often reminded that their talents never erase the stigma of their black skin.

ART / Max Kozloff

From the estate of the late Morris Louis comes a largely unexhibited suite of six giant paintings, the Aleph series, 1960 (the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) that puts all the hesitations or qualifications of the noodling critic quite off the margin of his pleasure. In other words, they are splendid art, if that does not seem a word too modest to describe a showing (Emmerich Gallery) whose coherence is unadulterated, and whose control is an inevitable factor in its spontaneity. Yet these neat phrases pale (they are really the most ex post facto rationalizations) beside confrontation, or memory of the confrontation, with the works themselves.

The canvases can be construed, strange as it seems, as rather languorous explosions of colored shards, excruciatingly blurred at their centers, by chromatic overdrifts. They oppose such forces as cleaved prongs of spilled, heavily stained, saturated acrylic—reach-

ing out as if they were meandering radii of a circle—with superimpositions of internal, indeterminate clouds, hovering, or burrowing back and into some formless, steamy dark cavity, transparently comprised of all the spectrum hues sifting into one another. By these means, Louis transfixes the immanence and timelessness of a momentary phenomenon, dissipates its violence, and eroticizes its fervor. Only his most devoted admirers of the formalist persuasion have continued not to see in such works the impassioned and inflated reference—indeed, enactment—of orgasm. In these paintings, climax is mimed and celebrated almost to the point of immolating the spectator with sensations that are yet more luminous than lubricious. It is not even very speculative to imagine in them some attempt to prolong the most scarlet of ecstasies, and by means of paint, to hold on to the life-giving release whose dissipation seems especially unforgivable.

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But it would be unfair to say that such was consciously—or perhaps unconsciously—on his mind. The problem that presents itself to the painter is one of arriving at conventions which will hold in proper suspension the particular kind of pictorial process—in this case, analytic-synthetic—in which he is most interested. In such a context, the spills and their concomitant blurs are not so much dialectical surrogates of a male-female coming together, as an exquisite harmonizing of differentiating and blending energies, of bright probing lights along the edges, and of shadows echoing after them from the center. More than in any other recent art, the center is here the vibrant embryo, germinator of sensation. Yet, there is one anemone-like image that presents itself typically in each picture, the white, unprimed ground being crowded out or backing away from the encroaching, scalloped silhouette, whose animism, finally, is of a buoyant whole. Cobalt, azure, emerald, yellow, orange, vermilion, burningly float in and out of one another, luridly orchestrated and yet voluptuously deteriorating under the ministrations of an almost rheostatically sensitive eye.

Originating historically in Pollock, shape and gesture, though the starting point of the whole operation, are readily sacrificed in this conflagration whose outcome, of double exposures and chance drifts, is essentially multi-layered and tonal. But what is memorable about them is the vortex of surprises by which all kinds of reversals—cools over warm, for instance, or sudden halations or drainages or bleed outs—move the glance in a half-slithering, half-jolting revolution. Blotted or soaked tendrils, veiny striations, powdery deposits of stranded pigment, betray a tactile life of the paint itself, its high-strung adventures in the skin trade. Louis had previously executed infinitely more subtle, delicate paintings in his Floral series; he was, in the brief time until his death in 1962, to create far more iconic ones. But he never distilled such a radiant pictorial elixir, such a commingling of Romantic sirups, as this exhibition now commemorates.

With all the panache and scope of a huge museum retrospective, the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery has mounted a Franz Kline exhibition that for me, at least, unsettles some of my slightly willed respect for that artist, my indifferent admiration. It is not merely that his art has been installed with care and in quantity. Or that the many works previously unshown round out his development more illuminatingly than in the past. Rather, if there had

LOVE

*is the unexpected ring of the Cancer
Society lady on an endless Sunday afternoon
when no one's supposed to be home. You put down
your section of the Times and shuffle to the door
and open it a crack, leaving the chain on:
"You're on my list!" she says, with a smile
that makes you feel ashamed to feel so well.
"I'm sorry, I already gave," you answer,
knowing, as you say it, that this is one
who won't take no.*

GERALD JONAS

been a reluctance to acknowledge Kline's qualities (not his historical position) among my contemporaries, it was surely because he had come increasingly to seem unrelated to current researches into "minimal art," the idiom of the moment. No one seemed more representative than Kline of a certain heroic stance in American painting during the 1950s. Those giant black swipes, relieved against their white grounds, those gawky scaffoldings—this was "action painting" stripped down to its rhetorical essence. But suddenly the word "essence" brings one up short as it would not have done, say, five years ago when we were considerably less sure that contemporary painting could depersonalize itself successfully, or could discover staying power in such things as emblems, repeating modular devices or symmetrical compositions. Without ignoring the characteristics that made him so nakedly, and prominently, a member of his own generation, I can now more clearly view in Kline a concern that links him with ours.

Those of his merits which an older criticism has seen in him have been most eloquently summarized in Robert Goldwater's catalogue essay: "The true scale of these canvases is not in their measurements, large as these are. It is instead generated from within, by an immense internal unit, a swath or a rectangle, a closed shape or a crossed one, that pushes and extends the perimeter until it has sufficient room to take its proper form, enough space to move and breathe. Thus these works seem to have expanded from within, and grown from the energy of opposed directions, to hold their borders at bay, creating the spaces essential to their expressive existence." But if the spectator were to concentrate more coolly (and thus probably perversely) on these "closed or crossed shapes," they would cohere in a very different way. The intervals of white that are squeezed or contracted by the blacks would emerge as disproportionately small, dispossessed of their decorative function. Rather, they might come to

seem wedges (especially those along the perimeters) of forms pushing in arbitrarily from outside the picture frame. Conversely, the black images would more sharply materialize as images that hold hieratically on the ground, deactivated (except for the evidence of their slightly torn edges and slapped paint work) in their role of pictorial armature. Particularly in those paintings where black dominates, there is a heaviness, a lack of space that makes the form sit bulkily where it is.

Such a perspective turns aside from the estimation of Kline as a nervous discoverer of space relations that had to be reshaped from canvas to canvas (though this was his own view of himself). It discerns in him, instead, some rather obsessive design concerns, and the reiteration of magnified, fragmented "devices." This would also mean reinterpreting more positively the lack of illusionistic ambiguity in Kline that was so opposite to the practice of his mentor, de Kooning. Moreover, the Cubist echoes in Kline's structural operation can be minimized in favor of those compositional imbalances, those great voids, black or white, which we judge to be closer to our own taste. Of course, he was not alone among his colleagues in implying this situation. Motherwell is even now fruitfully exploring comparable impulses. The "trouble" is that when we compare these artists with the young men of today, the former provide almost an embarrassment of riches. Even more, I may find less to my liking the interests of current abstraction that are rendered more grandly (if also unwittingly) in the phraseology of Franz Kline's art. It does not detract too much from its largeness of spirit that the intrusion of color in his later efforts was not, or very probably could not be, managed very well. The sensibility displayed on the Marlborough walls has an unknowing dimension. And overall, it comprises more mystery than our tidy formulations would ordinarily permit.

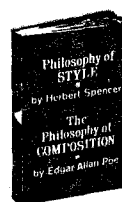
THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

Mr. Novick recently completed a survey of the American National Theatre for The Nation, based on a Ford Foundation grant.

More intensely, more angrily than any other major critic, Robert Brustein believes that the Broadway theatre and all its proliferations are utterly contemptible and sterile. For the past ten years, as recorded in his book *Seasons of Discontent*, he has been slashing away at Broadway, and it is not necessary to agree with him all the time to acknowledge the service he has done for the theatre. He has been intemperate and he has been unfair; had he not been so, he might perhaps have been less useful.

But it must be a depressing business for a man who is devoted to the theatre, as Mr. Brustein unquestionably is, to see its American manifestations through Brustein's eyes. It is understandable that lately he should have grown weary of denunciations. Having proved abundantly and repeatedly that the theatre has been betrayed and prostituted by Broadway, he has lately turned to scanning



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the non-Broadway horizons with great eagerness for signs of possible redemption. It is obvious that he regards his new position as dean of the Yale School of Drama as an opportunity to participate actively in the great redemptive work, and to help bring about the "third theatre" he has written about, which will combine reality and joy. Perhaps Brustein is something of a fanatic; but the theatre has always owed a great deal to its fanatics.

For many years the Yale Drama School had stood as a temple of stagnant mediocrity; already Brustein has given it a strenuous shaking up. He is determined to run a theatre as well as a school; next season he plans to organize a repertory company at Yale that will include from eight to twelve professional actors, who will be able to show the students how it's done. (There is already a resident professional theatre struggling for its life in New Haven; Brustein studiously ignored it until last January, when its board invited Yale to move in and take it over. Then he expressed interest, but the board changed its mind.) In the meantime, he has been importing entire productions from other theatres, and bringing in professional actors and directors for shows originating at Yale.

He began his tenure last fall by presenting Beckett's *Endgame* in a production by the Theatre of the Living Arts, Philadelphia's resident professional company. The leading roles were played by David Hurst and Ron Leibman, who were subsequently hired by the drama school to teach acting and serve as resident actors, and who played *Volpone* and *Mosca*, respectively, in the school's

recent production of Ben Jonson's *Volpone*, or *The Fox*.

Mr. Hurst and Mr. Leibman are talented actors, but they are rather odd choices as resident exemplars for students, and as leading actors in a production of *Volpone*, since Hurst seems unable to shake his Yiddish accent, and Leibman lisps. Through sheer technical inadequacy they made hash of Jonson's heavily gorgeous verse, and thus forfeited the play's element of grandeur—the implication of something almost heroic in the very baseness it depicts. This is not just a matter of form; when the verse is botched, the play's meaning is diminished. Hurst, moreover, was too light-weight and small-scale for his part, turning Jonson's formidable Fox into a frisky old chipmunk.

Still, the production was by no means without interest. "The world which Jonson satirized and attacked," says the director, Clifford Williams of the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, "is very much our own world; a riot of imagination and creation on the one hand—materialism gone mad and spiritual poverty on the other. Images of this confusion are all around us—the pop scene, *haute couture*, *dolce vita*, the jet groups, the trend setters. This is an ambience which we recognize, and it seems the natural one for a modern production of *Volpone*, if we are to appreciate the relevancy of the play to our own society." And so he put the play into modern dress, more or less.

Volpone at Yale did not look or sound as if "a riot of imagination and creation" was part of the world it dealt with. But the play is, before everything else, a scream of rage against "materialism gone mad and spiritual poverty," and that, from time to time, was reflected forcefully in the production, which brought forth some vivid images of greed, malice and hypocrisy. Leibman, looking like a cross between Paul Newman and Milton Berle, and glistening with slimy innuendo, was degeneracy incarnate. In the scene where *Volpone* and *Mosca* worship their gold, Leibman licked a large gold ball affectionately before putting it back into its shrine.

Jonson has provided *Volpone* with three retainers: "Nano, a Dwarf," "Castrone, an Eunuch," and "Androgyno, an Hermaphrodite"; Williams made the most of them. Nano resembled a spider; Androgyno was a leatherette-clad Warholian nonesuch who belted rock'n'roll into a hand mike (lyrics by Jonson, except for an occasional "ram sham bap shoo wa da"); Castrone was a memorably disgusting drag queen. They threaded in and out of the action as recurrent re-

mindings that this society was not only evil but sick.

Perversion, disgustingness, *dolce vita*, and rock'n'roll are of course very fashionable nowadays, and it might be asked where cogent contemporaneity ends and mere modishness begins. It would be a hard question to answer, since even what is merely fashionable is an expression of the age. Williams' production concept looked to me like a legitimate attempt to grapple with the play, not to evade it by gimmickry. But somehow he failed to carry it far enough, and the performance gradually ran out of steam. Rumor has it that Williams came to New Haven prepared to direct the play in a more or less 17th-century context, met the actors, and only then decided to update it. The production certainly looked as if that had been the case; the settings were "period," and so were some of the costumes. And certainly the updating helped Hurst and Leibman, by providing plenty of scope for their talents (Hurst's for clowning, Leibman's for Actor's Studio-style sardonic menace), and by distracting attention from their deficiencies. I hesitate to think what these actors would have done to a more conventional *Volpone*.

If the production was not, on the whole, a success, it was at least not afraid of the play's enormity. It did manage, now and again, to express Jonson's colossal rage against human depravity. And it made an encouraging contrast to the sterility of the recent production of Jonson's *Alchemist* at poor old Lincoln Center. The next major production at Yale, opening May 9, will be the world premiere of Robert Lowell's adaptation of Aeschylus' *Prometheus Bound*, directed by Jonathan Miller, with Irene Worth in the cast.

Dean Brustein seems determined to make his school a significant forward-moving force in the American theatre. He has the courage and the imagination needed for the job, and he seems to have access to plenty of money. (*Prometheus Bound* will be partially financed by a National Arts Council grant from the federal government, and Paul Newman has offered \$50,000 to get the repertory company going.) Whether he will have the necessary judgment and the necessary luck, only time will tell. But since it is important to the theatre as a whole that Yale should fulfill Brustein's hopes, it is disturbing to see him place such reliance, for the moment at least, on actors whose technical equipment is so glaringly inadequate. That is already a serious enough problem in the kind of theatre Brustein is trying to supersede.

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